Moonflesh

by Mark Morris

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion.

NATHANIEL WHITLOCK:
(50) An explorer and big game hunter. A hurricane of a man. Brash, booming, courageous.

PHOEBE WHITLOCK:
(21) Nathaniel's daughter. Quiet, shy, dignified, warm-hearted, but with something of her father's steely resolve.

SILVER CROW:
(40) Native American factotum to Nathaniel. Thoughtful, intelligent, spiritual. Fiercely loyal to Nathaniel.

HANNAH BARTHOLOMEW:
(30) Paying house-guest of Nathaniel's. Dresses like a man. Spiky, hates being patronised and gives as good as she gets, but essentially warm-hearted. Member of an occult society.

EDWIN TREMAYNE:
(55) Paying house-guest of Nathaniel's. Rich industrialist. Arrogant, insensitive, a man's man.

HECTOR TREMAYNE:
(25) Paying house-guest of Nathaniel's. Edwin's son. Softly-spoken and sensitive, but brave, intelligent, clear-headed.

NB: ALIEN BEINGS speak with the voices of those they possess.

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PART ONE

1. EXT. WOODLAND. DUSK

(FX: WOODLAND SOUNDS – RUSTLE OF WIND IN LEAVES; HOOT OF AN OWL. FADE UP TARDIS MATERIALISATION. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(BREATHES DEEPLY, THEN SIGHS IN SATISFACTION) And was Jerusalem builded here…

NYSSA:
I'm sorry, I don't understand the reference. (REALISING) Oh, you mean we're on Earth? Again.

DOCTOR:
England, to be precise.

(FX: RUSTLING OF AUTUMN LEAVES AS THE DOCTOR SCOOPS SOME FROM THE GROUND)

DOCTOR:
(EXPERIMENTAL SNIFF) Smell that leaf mould, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

DOCTOR:
(SNIFFS AGAIN) Somewhere in Suffolk, unless I'm much mistaken. (ANOTHER SNIFF) Late October, I'd say…

NYSSA:
Now you're showing off.

DOCTOR:
Winter in New York. Springtime in Paris. Summer in Venice. And autumn in Suffolk… Nothing quite like it.

NYSSA:
(SHIVERS) It's chilly. And it's getting dark.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT – THE TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT)

DOCTOR:
That can't be right. It sounded like the call of a Loxodonta Africana.

NYSSA:
A what?

DOCTOR:
African Bush elephant.

NYSSA:
Africa? I thought you said we were in Suffolk.

DOCTOR:
So we are. (MUSING) We must be near a zoo. Whipsnade? No, that would put us closer to Dunstable. (ROUSING HIMSELF) Come on, Nyssa!

NYSSA:
Where?

DOCTOR:
Let's find out where we are.

NYSSA:
Do we have to, Doctor? Couldn't we just go somewhere a little more… appealing?

DOCTOR:
More appealing than Suffolk? In the chilly autumn dusk? Impossible! Besides, there's the mystery of the misplaced elephant to solve. We can't possibly leave until we've got to the bottom of that, can we?

NYSSA:
Can't we?

THEY WALK ON. CROSSFADE TO:

2. EXT. WOODLAND. DUSK. A LITTLE LATER

(FX: CRUNCH, CRACK, RUSTLE OF UNDERGROWTH AS THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA FORCE THEIR WAY THROUGH)

DOCTOR:
Watch out for the brambles, Nyssa, they can be rather – (CUT) – ow!

(FX: BOTH STOP)

NYSSA:
Admit it, Doctor. We're lost.

DOCTOR:
(NURSING CUT) Nonsense. Oww!

NYSSA:
Then where are we?

DOCTOR:
(PREVARICATING) One can only said to be lost if one had a destination in mind in the first place.

NYSSA:
All right. Which direction is the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:
Well, it's… back there somewhere.

(FX: A BRIEF COMMOTION IN THE BUSHES – THEY SHAKE AND RUSTLE. UNBEKNOWNST TO THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA THEY'RE BEING STALKED BY A LION)

NYSSA:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
Just some woodland creature going about its nocturnal business.

NYSSA:
It sounded quite… big, though, didn't it?

DOCTOR:
Probably a fox or a badger. A deer even.

(FX: MORE RUSTLING. FOLLOWED BY A LOW, RUMBLING GROWL)

DOCTOR:
(THOUGHTFULLY) Or possibly not…

NYSSA:
(NERVOUSLY) Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Let's keep moving. This way, I think. (FX: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON LEAVES, UNDERGROWTH RUSTLING AS THEY PUSH THROUGH) Yes, look. There's a road beyond that line of trees ahead. —

(FX: OFF: STEALTHIER RUSTLING; ANOTHER SOFT GROWL)

NYSSA:
(MOVING ON, SOTTO) Whatever that thing is, it's stalking us.

DOCTOR:
(MOVING ON) Brave heart, Nyssa. I think there's a parhway on the other side of these — (SNAGGED AGAIN) — ow!

(FX: FROM OFF, APPROACHING RATTLE AND CLATTER OF A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE)

NYSSA:
You're right, that sounds like a carriage!

DOCTOR:
That could be our salvation. Quickly now — (EFFORT AS HE PUSHES THROUGH THE LAST BIT OF UNDERGROWTH WITH A CRACKLE)

(FX: RATTLE AND CLATTER OF THE CARRIAGE IS MUCH CLOSER NOW)

NYSSA:
Have they seen us?

DOCTOR:
They soon will. (RAISES VOICE) Hello there!

(FX: SUDDEN THRASH OF UNDERGROWTH FOLLOWED BY AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR)

NYSSA:
(SCREAMS) Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Good grief, it's a lion! What a beauty!

(FX: LION ROARS AGAIN)

NYSSA:
It's between us and the carriage!

DOCTOR:
Stand perfectly still, Nyssa. Show no fear. Stare it down.

SILVER CROW:
(OFF, PULLING UP HORSES) Whoa there!

(FX: CARRIAGE CLATTERS TO A STOP. LION SNARLS)

NYSSA:
I don't think it's going to work, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Have faith, Nyssa. I usually get on very well with cats.

(FX: THE LION LETS OUT AN ATTACK ROAR)

NYSSA:
No!!!

(FX: THE WHISTLE-THUNK OF AN ARROW FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND HITTING HOME. LION'S ROAR IS ABRUPTLY CUT OFF WITH A YELP OF PAIN AND WE HEAR THE HEAVY THUD OF ITS BODY AS IT DROPS TO THE GROUND)

DOCTOR:
(SADLY) Oh. Poor, noble beast.

SILVER CROW:
(OFF/APPROACHING) Are you unharmed?

DOCTOR:
Not a hair out of place, thanks to you. That was quite a shot.

SILVER CROW:
My father taught me to use the bow when I still barely had strength to pull back the arrow. In my tribe we are hunters before we can walk.

DOCTOR:
And fine ones too, from the looks of it.

NYSSA:
I didn't realise there were hunting tribes in England.

DOCTOR:
Oh, our friend here is a long way from home, Nyssa. Despite the dinner suit, he's a Sioux warrior, if I'm not mistaken.

SILVER CROW:
(SURPRISED) You know of my tribe?

DOCTOR:
I've had one or two encounters. A proud, noble people. They do wonders with chokecherries, wild turnips and buffalo liver, as I remember.

NYSSA:
So what are you doing in England?

SILVER CROW:
I am factotum to Nathaniel Whitlock. It was he who persuaded me to accompany him back to his homeland.

DOCTOR:
(FEIGNING UNDERSTANDING) Ah! Of course!

NYSSA:
Who is Nathaniel Whitlock?

SILVER CROW:
(PUZZLED) Your host. The great hunter and explorer? You are here for the Hunt?

DOCTOR:
Not exactly. Our… aeroplane ran into difficulties. We were forced to land on the other side of those trees.

SILVER CROW:
(DOUBTFULLY) I see.

DOCTOR:
But how remiss of us. We haven't introduced ourselves. I'm the Doctor and this is Nyssa. And you are…?

SILVER CROW:
I am Silver Crow.

DOCTOR:
We're delighted to meet you, Silver Crow! Aren't we, Nyssa?

NYSSA:
Yes.

EDWIN:
(OFF/CROSSLY) I say! Are you aiming to keep us sitting here all night?

SILVER CROW:
(CALLING) Apologies, Mr Tremayne.

DOCTOR:
It seems the natives are getting restless. Perhaps we ought to…?

SILVER CROW:
(THOUGHTFULLY) Yes. (MORE DECISIVELY) Yes. Please, Doctor, Miss Nyssa, follow me.

(FX: THEY TRUDGE ACROSS THE ROAD TO THE CARRIAGE, FEET CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL. SILVER CROW OPENS THE CARRIAGE DOOR WITH A CREAK)

SILVER CROW:
Please make yourselves comfortable. There's plenty of room inside.

DOCTOR:
After you, Nyssa.

SILVER CROW:
Allow me.

NYSSA:
Thank you.

(FX: CREAK OF THE CARRIAGE AS SHE STEPS UP AND IN, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR)

CUT TO:

3. INT. CARRIAGE

(FX: CARRIAGE DOOR SHUT FIRMLY. OUTSIDE, SILVER CROW WALKS AROUND, MOUNTS DRIVER'S SEAT THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
Well, isn't this cosy?

EDWIN:
And who might you be, sir?

DOCTOR:
(CURTLY) I might be any number of people.

NYSSA:
This is the Doctor, and I'm Nyssa.

(FX: REINS OFF. CARRIAGE MOVES OFF, HOOVES CLOPPING, PICKING UP SPEED, THROUGH:)

HECTOR:
How do you do? I'm Hector Tremayne, and this is my father-

EDWIN:
(BUTTING IN) Edwin Tremayne. Doubtless you have heard of me.

NYSSA:
I'm afraid not.

EDWIN:
(HUFFS IN DISGUST)

HECTOR:
My father is one of this country's leading industrialists.

DOCTOR:
I see. Dark, satanic mills, that sort of thing?

NYSSA:
And what do you do, Hector?

HECTOR:
Well, I'd like [to] -

EDWIN:
Hector will join the family business, of course, and eventually follow in my footsteps. If he proves himself worthy – which at present is by no means a certainty.

NYSSA:
I see. And is that what you would like to do, Hector?

HECTOR:
Well, I –

EDWIN:
It is not a matter of like and dislike. (ANNOYED) And is not the place of a child to ask such an impertinent question.

NYSSA:
I'm not a child.

DOCTOR:
And Nyssa is certainly not impertinent. Curious perhaps, which in my opinion is to be encouraged.

EDWIN:
(COLDLY) Is that so, sir?

DOCTOR:
Absolutely. After all, if we don't ask we don't learn – do we, Mr Tremayne?

HECTOR:
(HASTILY) Are you both here for the Hunt?

DOCTOR:
I take it that <u>you</u> are?

EDWIN:
Naturally. My son is not keen, but I hold out the vain hope that the weekend will make a man of him.

NYSSA:
(DISTASTEFULLY) You mean you're here to kill animals for sport? Like the lion that attacked us?

EDWIN:
Is that a <u>serious</u> question?

DOCTOR:
Please indulge us. We're not here by choice. As I explained to Mr, er, Crow, our aeroplane developed engine trouble and we were forced to make an unscheduled landing.

HECTOR:
(ASTONISHED) You have an aeroplane?

DOCTOR:
Of a sort.

EDWIN:
In answer to your question, young lady, we will hunt whatever manner of beast our host has seen fit to ship in from the dark continent – gorillas, elephants, rhinoceroses. I hear he even has a pair of tigers from Bengal.

NYSSA:
(HORRIFIED) And they're all here purely so you can slaughter them?

EDWIN:
It's a noble enough pursuit. Man against nature.

NYSSA:
It's barbaric.

EDWIN:
Nonsense. The animals themselves hunt, do they not?

NYSSA:
Yes, for survival. And they don't tip the odds in their favour by carrying weapons.

EDWIN:
Oh, spare me your bleeding heart, girl. Be assured, it will meet with short shrift in the presence of our host.

(FX: CARRIAGE DRIVES ON. FADE TO:

4. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: A FIRE CRACKLES IN THE GRATE)

PHOEBE:
Would you care for an aperitif, Miss Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
I would love one, my dear. And it's 'Ms', not Miss – though I'd prefer it if you would simply call me Hannah. I can't abide all this standing on ceremony.

PHOEBE:
I will be glad to. And you must call me Phoebe.

(FX: SHE POURS SOME DRINKS. OVER THIS…)

HANNAH:
Phoebe. Such a pretty name. Will you be joining us in the saddle tomorrow?

PHOEBE:
I fear not.

HANNAH:
You don't share your father's love of sport?

PHOEBE:
It is partly that. And partly that Father deems it unseemly for a lady to indulge in manly pursuits. (REALISING WHAT SHE'S SAYING, FLUSTERED) Oh! I meant no offence, Ms Bar… Hannah.

HANNAH:
(HUSKY LAUGH) None taken, my dear. Perhaps I am not quite the 'lady' you think I should be, eh?

PHOEBE:
That's not it at all.

HANNAH:
So my choice of clothes doesn't make you uncomfortable?

PHOEBE:
I think your breeches rather fetching. Besides, my father has always impressed upon me that I should judge my fellow man not by his outward appearance, but by his character.

HANNAH:
(TEASINGLY) Your fellow man? What of your fellow woman?

PHOEBE:
That too, of course –

HANNAH:
I am teasing you, my dear Phoebe. Your outlook does you credit. Well — chin chin.

PHOEBE:
(LESS CONFIDENTLY; SHE'S UNFAMILIAR WITH THE LINGO) Chin chin.

(FX: THEY CHINK GLASSES AND SIP THEIR DRINKS)

HANNAH:
Tell me, Phoebe, would you mind indulging my curiosity?

PHOEBE:
(WARILY) If I can.

HANNAH:
The red rock beneath the glass dome on the sideboard. The one that glitters so strangely. May I ask what it is?

PHOEBE:
Oh, just one of the artefacts that Father has picked up on his travels. I'm sure that either he or Silver Crow will enlighten you as to its origin when they appear.

HANNAH:
Yes, I'm sure they shall.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT — THE CLATTER OF A CARRIAGE DRAWING UP OUTSIDE)

PHOEBE:
Ah. Here is Silver Crow now, with the rest of this weekend's guests. Excuse me a moment, please… Hannah.

HANNAH:
Certainly, my dear.

(FX: PHOEBE EXITS. CROSS TO:)

5. INT. HALLWAY

(FX: A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS SONOROUSLY. VOICES ECHO SLIGHTLY, DENOTING A SENSE OF SPACE)

SILVER CROW:
(LEADING 4 x OTHERS IN) Please come in, gentlemen, Miss Nyssa. Your luggage, if you have any, will be taken directly to your rooms.

HECTOR:
I say, what a magnificent house.

DOCTOR:
Indeed. It appears that your employer has travelled widely, Silver Crow. That's a genuine Zulu shield on the wall there, if I'm not mistaken. And isn't that an Aboriginal bullroarer?

NYSSA:
Bullroarer?

DOCTOR:
A sort of musical instrument. You thread string through the hole in the top and whizz it around your head.

SILVER CROW:
The travels of my friend have indeed taken him far beyond the reaches of most men, Doctor. And in the process he has acquired both great knowledge and wisdom.

DOCTOR:
Well, they do say that travel broadens the mind. I shall look forward to meeting Mr Whitlock.

SILVER CROW:
He will be joining us presently, In the meantime, perhaps you would care for a drink in the drawing room?

EDWIN:
Now you're talking. Lead the way, sir.

(FX: APPROACHING HURRIED FOOTSTEPS ON TILED FLOOR)

PHOEBE:
(A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) Welcome, gentlemen. I trust you had a pleasant journey? (SPOTS THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA, SURPRISED) Oh! I did not expect quite so many guests.

DOCTOR:
Forgive the intrusion, Miss…?

PHOEBE:
I am Phoebe Whitlock. Daughter of Nathaniel Whitlock.

DOCTOR:
Very pleased to meet you, Miss Whitlock. I'm the Doctor, and this is Nyssa.

HECTOR:
The Doctor has an aeroplane, Miss Whitlock! It crash-landed in your grounds.

PHOEBE:
Gosh.

NYSSA:
After which one of your lions almost ate us.

PHOEBE:
How terrible! I trust that you both emerged from the ordeal unscathed?

DOCTOR:
We did, thank you.

EDWIN:
(IMPATIENTLY) Didn't someone mention drinks?

PHOEBE:
Oh, er… yes, of course.

SILVER CROW:
Follow me.

(FX: ALL WALK SWIFTLY OFF. CROSS TO:)

6. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP CRACKLING FIRE. DRAWING ROOM DOORS OPEN)

SILVER CROW:
In here, please.

(AS PHOEBE & 4 x GUESTS FILE IN:)

HANNAH:
Well, hello there! I say, this is quite a party!

PHOEBE:
Gentlemen, Miss Nyssa, may I present Ms Hannah Bartholomew? Ms Bartholomew, this is Mr Edwin and Mr Hector Tremayne. And this is the Doctor and Nyssa.

(GENERAL BABBLE OF GREETINGS, VOICES OVERLAPPING ONE ANOTHER. QUICK EXCHANGE, AS OF SEVERAL CONVERSATIONS GOING ON AT ONCE)

EDWIN:
(STIFFLY) Miss Bartholomew.

HANNAH:
Mr Tremayne.

HECTOR:
Very pleased to meet you, Ms Bartholomew.

HANNAH:
Likewise, I'm sure.

PHOEBE:
Would you care for a drink, Miss Nyssa?

NYSSA:
Oh, er… no, thank you.

PHOEBE:
How about you, Mr Tremayne?

EDWIN:
I thought you'd never ask.

(FX: THE CHINK OF CRYSTAL; DRINKS BEING POURED. OVER THIS…)

HANNAH:
(TEASINGLY) So you're 'the Doctor'? I take it you have a proper name?

DOCTOR:
Probably. (WITH SUDDEN ENTHUSIASM) Oh, look! How very interesting!

(FX: HE WALKS AWAY)

NYSSA:
(SHARPLY) Doctor! (TO HANNAH) I'm sorry about my friend. He tends to get distracted easily.

HANNAH:
Not a bit of it, my dear. (RAISING HER VOICE) It is a rather magnificent rock, is it not?

(HER VOICE ALERTS THE OTHERS, WHO CLUSTER ROUND SIDEBOARD, FOCUSING ON THE OBJECT OF THE DOCTOR'S ATTENTION)

EDWIN:
What the devil is it?

HECTOR:
It looks like a… a dinosaur egg made of crystal.

DOCTOR:
It's not an egg, though it certainly appears to have a crystalline structure. (THOUGHTFULLY) I've never seen anything quite like it. Not on this planet anyway.

NYSSA:
You mean it's extra-terrestrial?

EDWIN:
(SCOFFS) Extra-terrestrial!

SILVER CROW:
It is moonflesh, Doctor.

HECTOR:
Moon flesh?

DOCTOR:
I'm intrigued, Silver Crow. Tell me more.

SILVER CROW:
When I was eighteen winters old, I danced the ghost dance, as is a tradition of my people.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. To reunite the living with the spirits of the dead and to bring peace, prosperity and unity to the tribe – that sort of thing?

SILVER CROW:
That sort of thing. (MUSIC: FADE IN NATIVE AMERICAN DANCE MUSIC UNDER SILVER CROW'S ACCOUNT – SOMETHING EERIE, MYSTERIOUS) During the dance, which lasted for many hours, I fell into a trance, whereby I felt my mind leaving my body and travelling up to join with the Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit, who is in and of all things. (MUSIC: QUICK FADE OUT) When I eventually woke from my trance I opened my fist… and there in my hand was the moonflesh, which Wakan Tanka had given to me and allowed me to bring back from the stars.

DOCTOR:
Fascinating.

HECTOR:
(AWED) Is it really from the moon, do you think?

EDWIN:
Don't be ridiculous, boy. In all likelihood the fellow just grabbed it out of the dirt while he was thrashing about in this trance of his.

HANNAH:
You're suggesting it was simply lying about on the ground, Mr Tremayne? If that's the case, don't you think someone might have spotted it earlier?

NYSSA:
Could it be a meteorite, Doctor, that came down during the ritual?

DOCTOR:
Possibly. But if Silver Crow believes Wakan Tanka presented the moonflesh to him as a gift, then who are we to doubt him?

HANNAH:
Hear hear.

EDWIN:
(DISGUSTEDLY) You're all utterly mad.

HANNAH:
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Mr Tremayne…

(FX: DISTANT BUT APPROACHING – THE BARKING OF DOGS, THE DESCENDING SCRABBLE OF CLAWS)

HECTOR:
Speaking of which, what's that? Are we about to be visited by the hounds of Hell?

PHOEBE:
(TEASINGLY) Don't be silly, Mr Tremayne.

(FX: TWO OVER-EXCITED HUNTING HOUNDS BURST INTO THE ROOM, BARKING. AGAIN RESPONSES ARE QUICK-FIRE/OVERLAPPING)

HECTOR:
(CHARGED AT AND NUZZLED) Good Lord!

PHOEBE:
(LAUGHING) Get down, Brutus! He's only being friendly, Mr —

HECTOR:
Hector. (GAMELY) I'm sure he is, Miss Whitlock.

HANNAH:
(GROOMING OTHER DOG) Oh, aren't you beautiful! What's your name?

PHOEBE:
Portia, of course.

HANNAH:
She seems to like <u>you</u>, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(BEING SLOBBERED OVER) She does, doesn't she? You know, I've always got on terribly well with dogs.

NYSSA:
Didn't you say exactly the same thing about cats?

(FX: DOGS BARKING EXCITEDLY. GLASS SMASHED BY OVERENTHUSIASTIC TAIL)

EDWIN:
For goodness' sake, can't you get these mutts out of here? That was my drink.

PHOEBE:
Sorry, Mr Tremayne. Silver Crow, would you mind taking Brutus and Portia to the kitchen?

SILVER CROW:
I shall try, Miss Phoebe. —

NATHANIEL:
(APPROACHING HEAVILY FROM OFF) Brutus! Portia! Heel!

(FX: DOGS FALL SUDDENLY SILENT, TROT OFF)

EDWIN:
You've got 'em well trained, sir.

NATHANIEL:
Of course, sir! (TO ROOM) So – here you all are, at last.

DOCTOR:
Our host, I presume-?

NATHANIEL:
Welcome to Whitlock Manor! I trust that my daughter has been attending to your- (BREAKS OFF) Hang about! Who the devil are you-?

NYSSA:
(UNDER BREATH) Here we go again.

NATHANIEL:
Two more mouths to feed. Ain't my hospitality famous?

CUT TO:

7. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. SEVEN AT DINNER, CROW SERVING. CLINK AND SCRAPE OF CUTLERY ON CHINA PLATES)

NATHANIEL:
So the lioness almost gobbled you up, did she, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Yes, it was rather a shock.

NATHANIEL:
Not as much as a shock as Silver Crow's arrow gave her, I'll be bound. (BEAT – WAITS FOR LAUGH FROM COMPANY – THEN FILLS IT IH HIMSELF) Eh? Eh? Haw!

EDWIN/HECTOR/HANNAH:
(LAUGH POLITELY)

NYSSA:
It wasn't a laughing matter, Mr Whitlock. We were almost killed – and the poor animal died.

NATHANIEL:
Law of the jungle, dear girl. When a chap has been in the scrapes that I have, he learns to toughen up, to realise that in order to forge ahead in this world there are times when he needs to be ruthless – and in some cases to kill or be killed.

NYSSA:
Yes, but if you had a tranquilliser [gun] –

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Not in nineteen-eleven. (TO NATHANIEL) Please, do continue, sir.

NATHANIEL:
I once remember tramping over Greenland with a hungry polar bear on my tail. But did I dilly-dally in the hope that it would simply lose interest and wander off? No, I turned and faced the brute. Put a bullet through its brain. But that wasn't an end to it. Not by a long chalk. (SUDDENLY ROUNDING ON HECTOR) Now then, Master Tremayne. Little test for you. You're cold, you're tired, you're hungry. You have a dead polar bear lying at your feet. What do you do?

HECTOR:
Well, I, er… I expect you use it as a resource.

NATHANIEL:
Precisely! You keep yourself warm with its fur, you fill your belly with its flesh – not the liver, mind; that's poison – you use its claws as toothpicks if needs be! Second rule of the hunter: waste nothing. As a businessman I expect that's a sentiment you concur with all too readily, Mr Tremayne?

EDWIN:
Oh yes. Quite right, Mr Whitlock. (ASIDE, TO SILVER CROW) More wine, Crow.

SILVER CROW:
Sir.

(FX: POURS WINE)

HANNAH:
Second rule of the hunter, you said. So what's the first?

NATHANIEL:
Keep you wits about you at all times – and keep your gun loaded. (LAUGHS)

NYSSA:
Perhaps if you hadn't invaded the polar bear's habitat in the first place, Mr Whitlock, the circumstances leading to its death would not have arisen.

NATHANIEL:
True, my dear. But is it not in man's nature to seek to master all of his environment, even its furthest reaches? What do you say, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I'll remain firmly on the fence. I sympathise with Nyssa's viewpoint, and I would never kill for sport –

EDWIN:
What?

DOCTOR:
… but were I one of Silver Crow's people, for instance, I wouldn't have the luxury of a higher perspective. Tell me, Mr Whitlock, how long have you and Silver Crow known each other?

NATHANIEL:
Our acquaintance began six years ago, when I spent the year of nineteen hundred and five among his tribe. Taught me how to hunt buffalo with a bow and arrow – didn't you, Crow?

SILVER CROW:
Mr Nathaniel mastered in a summer skills some men take a lifetime to learn.

NATHANIEL:
But just as I was eager to see how the red man lives, Crow here hankered to see the world beyond the plains. So he came back home with me – and has been my constant companion in my travels, ever since.

HANNAH:
Have never regretted leaving your people, Mr Crow?

SILVER CROW:
I carry them in my heart at all times. Perhaps one day I will go back. But my life is here now.

PHOEBE:
Silver Crow has become very much part of the family.

HECTOR:
And what of your mother, Miss Whitlock?

PHOEBE:
I am afraid she died when I was a little girl.

NATHANIEL:
(SOMBRE) Ah, my sweet Audrey. She succumbed to fever in December of nineteen hundred and one. This coming winter will mark the tenth anniversary of her passing. (ROUSES HIMSELF) But enough maudlin talk. I have several excellent bottles of whiskey and a vintage port direct from the Douro Valley in my cellar. What say we gentlemen retire to the drawing room for a night-cap? It is not often that I have the luxury of guests to converse with.

PHOEBE:
(TEASINGLY) To regale with your stories of derring-do, you mean, Father?

NATHANIEL:
(LAUGHS) Ah, you know me so well, child.

EDWIN:
That sounds like an excellent idea, Mr Whitlock.

(FX: ALL RISE OUT OF CHAIRS THROUGH:)

NATHANIEL:
Crow – you won't partake of the firewater, of course?

SILVER CROW:
Please excuse me if I don't join you, gentlemen. If that's all, I will wish you good night.

(CHORUS OF 'GOOD NIGHTS' AS HE LEAVES)

NYSSA:
Thank you for your hospitality, Mr Whitlock, but… shouldn't we be leaving too, Doctor?

NATHANIEL:
Nonsense, my dear! It's far too dangerous to venture out after dark. I insist that you stay here as my guests tonight.

DOCTOR:
Thank you, Mr Whitlock. We'd be delighted to accept your invitation. Wouldn't we, Nyssa?

NYSSA:
(RELUCTANTLY) Yes.

NATHANIEL:
Excellent. Well, gentlemen, shall we leave the ladies to it?

HANNAH:
Ladies? I do hope you're not including me in that category, Mr Whitlock? Like Mr Tremayne and his son, I am here to hunt this weekend. And, like them, I have paid handsomely for the benefit of your unparalleled experience – a modicum of which, no doubt, you are imminently about to impart? Besides… (TEASING HUMOUR) I do enjoy a glass of port after dinner. Particularly one from the Douro Valley.

8. INT. STAIRCASE/LANDING

(FX: FADE UP CREAK OF PHOEBE'S AND NYSSA'S ASCENDING FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STAIRS)

PHOEBE:
Are you certain you would not like a cup of cocoa before you retire, Miss Nyssa? It really is no trouble.

NYSSA:
No, thank you, Phoebe. It's kind of you, but I'm very tired.

PHOEBE:
Silver Crow has made up a bed for you on the fourth floor. The room is high enough that you won't be disturbed by the chatter of the men downstairs.

NYSSA:
Thank you. Don't most houses this size have servants?

PHOEBE:
We used to have servants (HESITANTLY) … but I am afraid that Father's fortunes are not as they were. His father – my grandfather – acquired his wealth by importing and selling tea from East India, but I'm afraid that Father does not have the same head for business. He spends half of his time off on his adventures, and the other half procuring the finances to enable him to do so – hence weekends such as this one. (REALISING SHE'S SAID TOO MUCH) But I am speaking out of turn.

NYSSA:
I'm sorry, Phoebe. It must be hard for you.

PHOEBE:
Oh, the three of us muddle along very well, and I do love Father very dearly. Though I confess I do get a little lonely whenever he and Silver Crow are off on one of their expeditions.

NYSSA:
I'm not surprised, rattling about in this big house all by yourself. (STARTLED) Oh!

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS FALTER AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, THEN HALT)

PHOEBE:
(LAUGHS) Sorry, Nyssa, I should have warned you. They are a rather arresting sight, all lined up in a row above the stairwell.

NYSSA:
Are they statues?

PHOEBE:
Native American gods, carved in wood. This one is Tunka, the Stone God, the most ancient of the Sioux deities. And that is Ptesan Wi, the White Buffalo Woman.

NYSSA:
They look more like warriors than gods.

PHOEBE:
Silver Crow's tribe believe that spirits live in mountains, rivers, rocks – pebbles, even.

NYSSA:
Do you think the same?

PHOEBE:
(SLIGHTLY AGHAST) Of course not, I'm no heathen.

NYSSA:
(SNIFFING) What's that smell? Is something burning?

PHOEBE:
That'll be Silver Crow, his room is just along the corridor. He uses herbs help him meditate. It's his way of keeping in contact with his ancestors.

NYSSA:
The scent is rather pungent.

PHOEBE:
Yes, best not to linger. Your room is on the right at the top, Nyssa. Shall I show you?

NYSSA:
There's no need. I'm sure I shall manage. Goodnight.

(FX: WALKS OFF, UPSTAIRS)

PHOEBE:
Goodnight, Nyssa. Sleep well.

(FX: TURNS AND WALKS BACK DOWN. FADE TO:)

9. INT. NYSSA'S ROOM

(FX: FAINTLY, FROM OFF/OUTSIDE, WE HEAR THE CRY OF AN OWL, FOLLOWED BY THE SOFT RUSTLE OF BEDCLOTHES AS NYSSA TURNS OVER IN HER SLEEP. SHE MURMURS WORDLESSLY, THEN HER BREATHING LEVELS OUT, BECOMING SLOW AND DEEP. SUDDENLY…)

HANNAH:
(OFF/DISTANT) (SCREAMS)

(FX: BRIEF COMMOTION OF BEDCLOTHES AS NYSSA ABRUPTLY SITS UP)

NYSSA:
(CONFUSED) Doctor? (BECOMING MORE AWARE/RAISES VOICE) Phoebe?

(FX: SHE SCRAMBLES OUT OF BED AND HER BARE FEET PAD RAPIDLY ACROSS THE WOODEN FLOOR TO:

10. INT. STAIRCASE/LANDING/CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

NYSSA:
(CALLING) Phoebe?

DOCTOR:
(OFF, FROM THE LANDING BELOW) Nyssa? Is that you up there?

NYSSA:
(RUSHING DOWN STAIRCASE) Doctor! I heard a scream.

DOCTOR:
So did I. It came from the floor below. Come on!

(FX: THEY THUMP DOWN THE STAIRS. AS THEY REACH THE LANDING BELOW A DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
Silver Crow!

SILVER CROW:
I heard a cry from Ms Bartholomew's room.

DOCTOR:
Which one is that?

SILVER CROW:
At the end of the corridor.

NYSSA:
Come on, quickly.

(FX: THEY RUN TOWARDS IT. THE DOCTOR TRIES THE HANDLE)

DOCTOR:
It's locked.

(FX: HE KNOCKS URGENTLY)

DOCTOR:
Ms Bartholomew? Ms Bartholomew, can you hear me?

HANNAH:
(VOICE TIGHT, TERRIFIED, MUFFLED BY THE DOOR) Yes.

DOCTOR:
Are you all right?

(SILENCE)

DOCTOR:
Speak to me, Hannah. Can you open this door?

HANNAH:
(VOICE TIGHT, TERRIFIED, MUFFLED BY THE DOOR) I daren't move.

SILVER CROW:
Stand back, Doctor. (EFFORT, AS…)

(FX: SILVER CROW SLAMS A SHOULDER AGAINST THE DOOR. WITH A SPLINTERING OF WOOD IT FLIES OPEN. CUT TO:)

11. INT. HANNAH'S ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: AS THEY ENTER, FADE UP FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND — NOT AS HARSH AS ELECTRICITY, SOFTER, MORE ORGANIC — BUT STILL ANGRY)

DOCTOR:
Hannah? What is it?

HANNAH:
(TERRIFIED, POINTING) It's there.

NYSSA:
Doctor, look! By the fireplace!

DOCTOR:
I see it. Fascinating.

NYSSA:
What is it? Why is it glowing red like that?

DOCTOR:
It's some kind of energy. Energy in corporeal form.

SILVER CROW:
(CRIES OUT IN FEAR) It is Tunka!

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Tunka?

(FX: THE FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND ABRUPTLY BECOMES FIERCER, LOUDER, ANGRIER)

HANNAH:
Get back! It's going to attack!

NYSSA:
Doctor!!!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(REPRISE:)

NYSSA:
Doctor, look! By the fireplace!

DOCTOR:
I see it. Fascinating.

NYSSA:
What is it? Why is it glowing red like that?

DOCTOR:
It's some kind of energy. Energy in corporeal form.

SILVER CROW:
(CRIES OUT IN FEAR) It is Tunka!

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Tunka?

(FX: THE FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND ABRUPTLY BECOMES FIERCER, LOUDER, ANGRIER)

HANNAH:
Get back! It's going to attack!

NYSSA:
Doctor!!!

12. INT. HANNAH'S ROOM [CONTINUED]

(FX: THE FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND REACHES A CRESCENDO)

NATHANIEL:
(BARGING IN FROM OUTSIDE) Out of the way! Let me get at the blighter!

DOCTOR:
Mr Whitlock, [no —]

(FX: DOUBLE FIREARMS BLAST AS HE TAKES A COUPLE OF SHOTS AT THE ENERGY CREATURE WITH HIS HUNTING RIFLE, AND A CRACK AS THE BULLETS PASS THROUGH IT AND EMBED THEMSELVES IN THE WALL)

(FX: THE FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND CHANGES TIMBRE, VEERING AWAY)

NYSSA:
It's retreating!

DOCTOR:
Up the chimney, yes.

(FX: FADE DOWN FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND, WHICH BECOMES HOLLOW, MUFFLED AS THE CREATURE FLIES UP THE CHIMNEY. FADE TO SILENCE)

DOCTOR:
Is everyone all right? Ms Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
(SHAKILY) Yes… I think so.

NATHANIEL:
What was that damned apparition?

SILVER CROW:
(AWE-STRUCK) It was Tunka, the most ancient of our gods.

DOCTOR:
A life-form in the shape of Tunka, perhaps.

NATHANIEL:
You mean that was something alive?

NYSSA:
Not life in the sense that you would understand it, Mr Whitlock, [but —]

DOCTOR:
Yes it was. Very much so.

NATHANIEL:
Good lord.

HANNAH:
So where's it gone now?

DOCTOR:
I wish I knew.

CUT TO:

13. INT. PHOEBE'S BEDROOM

(FX: FRANTIC BANGING ON BEDROOM DOOR)

HECTOR:
(OUTSIDE DOOR, VOICE MUFFLED) Miss Phoebe! Miss Phoebe!

PHOEBE:
(WAKING UP, CONFUSED) What? (COMING TO) Mr Tremayne? Is that you?

HECTOR:
(OUTSIDE DOOR) Hector, yes. Is all well with you, Miss Phoebe?

PHOEBE:
One moment, please. —

(FX: THROWS BACK COVERS AND GETS UP, BEDSPRINGS CREAKING. THE RUSTLE OF CLOTHING AS SHE PUTS ON A ROBE AND PADS TO THE DOOR. OVER THIS:)

HECTOR:
It's just that I thought I heard something. A scream. A gunshot. (RUNNING OUT OF STEAM; AFRAID THAT HE'S MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF) And, well, I felt compelled, rather, to come and see that you were — [all right.]

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

PHOEBE:
As you can see, I am perfectly fine.

HECTOR:
(GULP) I'll say.

PHOEBE:
(SCANDALISED) Mr Tremayne!

HECTOR:
Oh! I didn't mean — well, what I meant to say was — Oh dear.

PHOEBE:
(AMUSED) It was very gallant of you to enquire after my welfare, Mr Tremayne.

HECTOR:
Please… call me Hector. 'Mr Tremayne' makes me sound like my father. (LAUGHS UNCERTAINLY) So you didn't hear anything?

PHOEBE:
I'm afraid not. But then I do sleep very [soundly.]

(FX: OVER THIS, OFF/OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, RISING FIZZING/CRACKLING OF THE ENERGY-CREATURE)

HECTOR:
Hush! (BEAT) Can you hear that?

PHOEBE:
Yes I can. (FX: SHE CROSSES THE ROOM) It's outside the window!

HECTOR:
(FOLLOWING, NERVOUS) Please, Miss Phoebe, allow me to –

PHOEBE:
(AT WINDOW) I can pull a curtain for myself, Mr Tremayne. –

(FX: PHOEBE DRAWS BACK A CURTAIN WITH A SINGLE SHARP TUG)

PHOEBE:
(GASPS IN SHOCK)

(FX: THE FIZZING/CRACKLING IS LOUD, SEPARATED FROM THEM BY NO MORE THAN A PANE OF GLASS)

HECTOR:
(SHOCKED) My goodness, what <u>is</u> that?

PHOEBE:
It's like… (CURIOUS) I don't know, a ball of red lightning.

HECTOR:
(HORRIFIED) I feel as though… as though it's looking at us. Oh, it's horrible!

(FX: FIZZING/CRACKLING MOVES OFF, OVER THEM)

PHOEBE:
It's flying away. Over the roof!

(FX: THE FIZZING/CRACKLING HAS GONE)

HECTOR:
It's gone, I think. (EXHALES) Great heavens, that was frightful. Look at me, I'm shaking like a leaf.

PHOEBE:
(SARCASTIC) Oh, Hector. My hero!

CUT TO:

14. INT. HANNAH'S ROOM

NATHANIEL:
Doctor — if that thing really is alive, as you claim, then I doubt it will last long in my jungle. Big cats'll make mincemeat of it.

DOCTOR:
I wouldn't be so sure, Mr Whitlock.

NYSSA:
But where did it come from?

DOCTOR:
Exactly what I was wondering, Nyssa. Perhaps Ms Bartholomew can enlighten us?

HANNAH:
(RECOVERING) I'm sure I have no idea what you mean, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Really? (FX: TWO STEPS TO WINDOW, PICKS UP KNIFE) So this pocket knife, and these crystal scrapings on your counterpane are a complete mystery to you, too?

HANNAH:
(WRYLY) Oh. It seems I am undone.

NYSSA:
I'm afraid it does.

NATHANIEL:
What the devil? Who <u>are</u> you, girl?

HANNAH:
I'm sorry to have deceived you, Mr Whitlock — or rather, I'm sorry that my true motives for attending this weekend's activities have been uncovered in such an ignominious manner. Because despite what you may think, I <u>am</u> an ardent admirer of yours. And I truly didn't mean any harm.

NATHANIEL:
Stop beating around the bush. (HEFTING SHOTGUN) Or you too may find that the only way to evade a bullet is to fly up the chimney like fairy dust.

HANNAH:
(SIGHS) I came here for the moonflesh. Or rather, for a sample of it. A portion so inconsequential that you would not even have noticed its absence.

SILVER CROW:
You knew of the moonflesh before you arrived here tonight?

HANNAH:
Indeed I did. It came to our attention when Mr Whitlock gave a lecture at the Royal Society several months ago, and enlivened his talk with artefacts he had procured on his travels.

NATHANIEL:
The moonflesh included, I remember!

NYSSA:
'Our attention.' You said, 'our attention.'

DOCTOR:
Indeed you did. Who are you working for, Ms Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
I represent a group called the Order of the Crescent Moon.

NATHANIEL:
(DERISIVE SNORT) *That* ill-informed rabble-?!

NYSSA:
A religious society?

NATHANIEL:
Hardly, my dear. At least, not in the conventional sense. They believe that mankind is in the thrall of invisible beings who stroll through time and space – or some such idiocy.

DOCTOR:
I see.

HANNAH:
That is a gross misrepresentation of our core doctrine. We believe that all of Time is a never-ending circle, like the phases of the moon – and that life as we know it is merely our moment in Time's limelight, until we move beyond our mortal form.

NYSSA:
What happens then?

HANNAH:
Why, we become spirits, moving through the shadows to guide those mortals in the light, just as we in turn hope to be guided when the circle turns and our time comes to live again.

NATHANIEL:
Whichever way you look at it, it's utter rot.

HANNAH:
You are entitled to your opinion, Mr Whitlock, just as I am entitled to disagree. I am unshakeable in my beliefs, and no amount of ridicule or contempt will sway me from my course. Nevertheless, I have no wish to convert you to my way of thinking.

NATHANIEL:
Believe me, young lady, you would not succeed in doing so even if you did.

DOCTOR:
This is all terribly interesting, but I rather think we're losing sight of the matter in hand.

SILVER CROW:
The Doctor is right. We should be more concerned by the whereabouts of Tunka.

DOCTOR:
Once we establish its nature then perhaps we can work out how to deal with it. If you could tell us exactly what happened, Ms Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
I remained awake until the house was silent, whereupon I crept downstairs. I removed the moonflesh from the drawing room and brought it up here, intending to replace it in minutes –

NATHANIEL:
So you say.

DOCTOR:
Please, continue.

HANNAH:
I took the knife you see there from my overnight bag, and used it to scrape a number of small crystals from the surface of the moonflesh.

NATHANIEL:
In Heaven's name, why?

HANNAH:
We believe that the moonflesh may be sacred – a gift from the spirits – and that it may bestow us with the ability to communicate with the other side.

NYSSA:
But the result was rather more spectacular than you were anticipating?

HANNAH:
Yes. No sooner had I set my knife to the task than the moonflesh… changed.

DOCTOR:
How, exactly?

HANNAH:
It writhed in my hands, and became hot. I dropped it, and it split apart, into a stream of swirling crystals. It made a sound — an angry crackling, as you heard. Then it rose from the bed and crossed to the far side of the room, rippling through the air like a glowing red serpent. Once there, it gathered itself in the corner and began to take shape —

SILVER CROW:
The shape of Tunka.

HANNAH:
That was when I screamed.

DOCTOR:
Interesting. The creature must have been in some suspended state, and when it felt threatened it reverted to its original form. How long has the moonflesh been in your possession, Silver Crow?

SILVER CROW:
Over twenty summers, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
To some life-forms, twenty years is no more than the blink of an eye.

SILVER CROW:
What is this creature, if not Tunka himself? A trickster, perhaps?

DOCTOR:
Perhaps these crystals will give us a clue to its origins — once I've analysed them, at least.

NYSSA:
We're going back to the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:
No. Our priority must be to find this creature and communicate with it.

NATHANIEL:
And how do you propose we do that, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
We must go looking for it, Mr Whitlock. At first light we must organise a search-party.

NATHANIEL:
(GLEEFULLY) A hunt?! Now you're talking!

CUT TO:

15. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – OPEN LAND

(FX: FADE UP 6 x HORSES, TROTTING GENTLY ACROSS SOFT/GRASSY GROUND. SOFT JANGLE OF BRIDLES, ETC)

(NB: ALL SIX MEMBERS OF THE SEARCH-PARTY ARE ON HORSEBACK)

NATHANIEL:
(TROTTING) Damn foolish of you to refuse the offer of a rifle, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(TROTTING) In my experience it's hard to make friends with someone if you're pointing a gun at them, Mr Whitlock.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT, THE TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT. A COUPLE OF HORSES WHINNY ANXIOUSLY. ALL COME TO STOP)

EDWIN:
(SCATHINGLY) But in the meantime, you're happy to rely on the rest of us to protect you from the wildlife?

DOCTOR:
If we keep our heads and act as agreed, there won't be any need for bloodshed at all.

HANNAH:
The Doctor's right, Mr Tremayne. We discussed this at great length over breakfast – or weren't you listening?

DOCTOR:
No animal is likely to attack – or even approach – a party such as ours, so long as we remain together.

HANNAH:
And if an animal does venture too close, Silver Crow will fire a warning arrow to frighten it off.

EDWIN:
You're in no position to lecture me, girl. Frankly, it baffles me as to why you're even here. The reason that this creature is at large is entirely due to your underhandedness. If it was down to me, not only would you have remained back at the house with Miss Whitlock and the Doctor's companion, but you'd have been clapped in irons for good measure.

HANNAH:
(TEASINGLY) Oh, Mr Tremayne, I didn't know you cared.

HECTOR:
Ms Bartholomew is here because she wishes to make amends, Father. Personally I think it's an admirable gesture.

HANNAH:
Thank you, Hector.

EDWIN:
(SNEERING) And what would you know about anything, boy?

DOCTOR:
(RAISING HIS VOICE) Let's try to stay focused, shall we? Bickering will only prove a distraction – possibly a fatal one.

SILVER CROW:
The Doctor speaks the truth. A good hunter remains aware of his senses at all times. He must watch not only with his eyes, but with his skin, his hair, his belly and his mind. He must feel his surroundings, become a part of it.

NATHANIEL:
Well said, Silver Crow. Now stay alert as we head into the trees, everyone. Predators may not have our intelligence, but they're cunning nevertheless, and they know exactly where the best hiding places are. A moment's laxity and you could find yourself being ripped apart before you can blink.

HANNAH:
You sound as though you're enjoying this, Mr Whitlock.

NATHANIEL:
Nothing makes a man feels more alive than the possibility of imminent death, Ms Bartholomew. (RAISING HIS VOICE) Is everybody ready?

EDWIN:
Aye!

HECTOR:
Er, yes.

DOCTOR:
I suppose so.

NATHANIEL:
Then on we go.

(FX: 6 x HORSES MOVE OFF. CRACKLE AND CRUNCH OF DRY LEAVES AS THEY PUSH ON INTO THE WOODS)

FADE TO:

16. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: THE CRACKLE AND POP OF THE FIRE)

NYSSA:
Oh, I hate all this waiting around.

PHOEBE:
You are very restless, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
I should have gone with the others. I should never have listened to the Doctor.

PHOEBE:
He was only trying to protect you.

NYSSA:
I don't need protecting. (PAUSE) Well, sometimes. But so does he.

PHOEBE:
Well, I for one am glad you did not go. Your company makes the waiting easier. Is that selfish of me?

NYSSA:
No, not at all.

PHOEBE:
(CAGILY) Who is he – this Doctor of yours? Your guardian?

NYSSA:
In a way. I started travelling with him after my parents died. We're… friends. Companions. And nothing more, before you ask.

PHOEBE:
(SIGHS) I wish I had a companion. Someone I could talk to.

NYSSA:
Don't you have any friends?

PHOEBE:
Not really. If Mother were here we would doubtless go out visiting together, take tea, do all the things that ladies do. But Father discourages visitors.

NYSSA:
It sounds as though he keeps you a prisoner.

PHOEBE:

Oh no. He is very kind. I want for nothing within these walls. But he does not understand how lonely I am, how much I crave the companionship of someone of my own age.

NYSSA:
Like Hector you mean?

PHOEBE:
(COYLY) Well, I… he seems a very pleasant young man.

NYSSA:
You should talk to him. Properly, I mean. Ask him to call on you when all this is over.

PHOEBE:
(SHOCKED) I couldn't do that!

NYSSA:
Whyever not?

(BEAT)

PHOEBE:
(CHANGING SUBJECT) Oh, I do hope they'll be safe out there.

NYSSA:
They will be if the Doctor's got anything to do with it.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – WOODLAND

(FX: 6 X HORSES MOVING THROUGH DRY LEAVES)

HANNAH:
The birds have stopped singing.

SILVER CROW:
They are fearful.

EDWIN:
And how do you presume to know that?

NATHANIEL:
Silver Crow is at one with nature, Mr Tremayne. You should take heed of what he says.

DOCTOR:
(PULLING UP HORSE) Would everyone mind if we stopped for a moment?

(FX: OTHER 5 x HORSES STOP. ODD SNORT)

NATHANIEL:
For what reason, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
We're being watched.

EDWIN:
(SNORTS WITH DERISION) I suppose you're 'at one' with nature too?

DOCTOR:
Not exactly.

HANNAH:
What then? Do you possess second sight, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Let's just say that my senses are a little more attuned than most people's.

NATHANIEL:
Silver Crow? What do you think?

SILVER CROW:
I believe the Doctor is right.

HECTOR:
Oh, my.

HANNAH:
(HUSHED BUT NOT SOTTO) So — what do we do, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Well, we extend the hand of friendship and see what happens. (CALLING SOFTLY) Hello. I know you're there. Don't be afraid. We only want to help you.

EDWIN:
(MUTTERS DERISIVELY) You think this creature will understand English?

DOCTOR:
It will understand me.

EDWIN:
Will it now? And what makes you so [special] -

(FX: CUT SHORT BY A CRASH OF BRANCHES FROM OVERHEAD AS A GORILLA DROPS FROM THE TREES, SHRIEKING. HORSES WHINNY AND REAR IN PANIC…)

NATHANIEL:
Gorilla! Look out, Tremayne!

(FX: A CRUNCHING THUD AS THE GORILLA SWIPES EDWIN FROM HIS HORSE WITH A SINGLE BLOW)

EDWIN:
(CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

HECTOR:
(SHOUTS) Father!

HANNAH:
(SHOUTS) Mr Tremayne is down! Help him someone!

HECTOR:
(TO THE HORSE) Ya! Ya!

(FX: HE SNAPS THE REINS, THE HORSE WHINNIES IN TERROR, ITS HOOVES THUDDING RAPIDLY ON THE GROUND AS HECTOR MANOUEVRES IT BETWEEN THE GORILLA AND HIS STRICKEN FATHER. THE GORILLA ROARS AGAIN. OVER THIS…)

NATHANIEL:
Get back, boy! It'll kill you!

HECTOR:
(OFF) I must save my father!

HANNAH:
(SCREAMS) Silver Crow! Shoot it! Kill it-!

DOCTOR:
No, please-!

SILVER CROW:
I cannot get a clear shot –

NATHANIEL:
Out of the way, Crow –

(FX: THE GORILLA LETS LOOSE A FINAL, EAR-SPLITTING ROAR. NEXT MOMENT THERE IS THE TWIN BLAST OF A HUNTING RIFLE AND THE GORILLA TOPPLES WITH AN ALMIGHTY THUD. ALL FALLS QUIET)

DOCTOR:
I do wish you hadn't done that, Mr Whitlock.

NATHANIEL:
(DISMOUNTING) You're right. One hundred and fifty pounds, that creature cost.

(FX: FOLLOW NATHANIEL AS HE WALKS OVER TO HECTOR)

HECTOR:
I'm sorry, Mr Whitlock, sir –

NATHANIEL:
Dismount, boy. I said, dismount!

(FX: AS HECTOR DISMOUNTS:)

HANNAH:
(OFF) Is Mr Tremayne-?

EDWIN:
(GROANS IN PAIN)

HECTOR:
He's hurt, but not too badly, I think.

EDWIN:
Easy for you to say. Gah, my leg! I think it's broken!

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) We should take Mr Tremayne back to the house.

(FX: INJURED GORILLA WHINES)

HECTOR:
Oh Lord. The gorilla's not dead.

NATHANIEL:
That was an incredibly foolish thing to do, boy, riding your horse between an animal and its prey like that.

HECTOR:
Its 'prey', as you call it, was my father. What else could I do?

NATHANIEL:
(GRUNTS) Yes, well. (FX: PASSING SHOTGUN) Here. Take my gun.

HECTOR:
Whatever for?

NATHANIEL:
I only wounded the beast.

HECTOR:
You mean…?

EDWIN:
(SADISTIC) Someone's got to put it out of its misery.

HECTOR:
But I can't-! Really-!

DOCTOR:
(TROTTING OVER) Please, don't torment the boy!

NATHANIEL:
(TO HECTOR) 'Boy', exactly. Now, Hector – let's see the man.

(FX: TWO MORE RIFLE BLASTS AS HECTOR FIRES INTO THE GORILLA'S PRONE BODY. BEAT. HORSES SNORT)

NATHANIEL:
Damned unusual for a gorilla to attack like that, mind.

DOCTOR:
No, they're not usually violent, unless provoked. (A THOUGHT) Or unless – (STOPS SHORT)

HANNAH:
Unless what?

DOCTOR:
Stand back from the body, Hector. You too, Whitlock.

NATHANIEL:
Why? It's quite [dead.] (SUDDEN SURPRISE) Good Lord!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I see it too.

NATHANIEL:
Its fur — it's rippling, like there's something alive beneath the [skin.]

(FX: FIZZING/CRACKLING OF THE ENERGY-CREATURE ERUPTING FROM INSIDE GORILLA)

(GENERAL ALARM)

SILVER CROW:
The Tunka!

DOCTOR:
The energy-form. Get back, everyone!

HANNAH:
Good grief! That creature must have been inside the gorilla! Inside its body.

HECTOR:
Doing what?

NATHANIEL:
Feeding on it? Like some kind of parasite?

DOCTOR:
More likely manipulating its movements.

HECTOR:
You mean that thing made the gorilla attack my father?

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so.

NATHANIEL:
Which means it's hostile. (FX: SNATCHING THE GUN BACK OFF HECTOR) Give me the gun back, lad —

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Nathaniel, no!

(FX: TWO RIFLE BLASTS AS NATHANIEL FIRES AT THE ALIEN. THE BULLETS PASS THROUGH, HITTING TREES WITH A SPLINTERING OF WOOD. THE CRACKLING, FIZZING GROWS MOMENTARILY LOUDER, ANGRIER, THEN FADES AS THE ALIEN ASCENDS INTO THE TREES)

HANNAH:
It's retreating!

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Come back! We want to help you!

(FX: CRACKLING, FIZZING OF THE ALIEN FADES TO SILENCE)

HANNAH:
It's gone.

DOCTOR:
(ANGRILY) Couldn't you have kept that trigger finger of yours still even for a second?

NATHANIEL:
(ALSO ANGRY) The beast attacked Mr Tremayne!

HECTOR:
It could have killed him!

DOCTOR:
(CALMING DOWN) I know… I know, I'm sorry. You were very brave, Hector. And you were only doing what you thought was right, Nathaniel. But we've already established that bullets have no effect on it. You might as well try killing smoke. By shooting at it, all we're achieving is cementing the notion that we're hostile.

SILVER CROW:
But is the creature's attack on Mr Tremayne not proof that it means us harm, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Not necessarily. It could be frightened or confused, lashing out because it thinks that it's under threat.

EDWIN:
Damn it all, Whitlock – I'll go to law if you don't get me attention!

HECTOR:
We must get my father back to the house.

DOCTOR:
Yes. You do that. But I need to get to my… erm, aeroplane. I've got some scientific equipment there that will enable me to analyse these crystal samples.

NATHANIEL:
Don't be a fool, man. You can't go alone.

SILVER CROW:
(TROTTING FORWARD) Then I shall accompany the Doctor, to act as his protector.

DOCTOR:
There's really no need.

SILVER CROW:
I insist upon it.

NATHANIEL:
(CHUCKLES) I'd advise you to comply, Doctor. When Silver Crow gets an idea into his head, there's no shifting him. He's the most stubborn fellow I've ever met.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that, Mr Whitlock. (TAKING REINS) Come on, Silver Crow.

(FX: DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW TROT OFF. FADE)

18. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP CRACKLE AND POP OF THE FIRE. NYSSA PACING)

PHOEBE:
Nyssa, dear – why don't you sit by the fire? You'll wear out the carpet like that.

NYSSA:
(CATCHES HERSELF, STOPS) Oh! Sorry. I used to be such a patient person. But I seem to have lost the ability to relax, since I began travelling with the Doctor.

PHOEBE:
I confess I'm anxious too. But I'm sure they will be back [before too long]

(FX: SUDDENLY, FROM OFF, THE FEROCIOUS BARKING OF DOGS, WHICH ABRUPTLY ENDS IN A COUPLE OF PAINED YELPS)

PHOEBE:
That was Portia and Brutus!

NYSSA:
Where are they?

PHOEBE:
In the kitchen, I presume. They sleep in baskets beneath the sink.

NYSSA:
Pass me that poker, Phoebe.

PHOEBE:
(FX: METALLIC CLINK AS SHE LIFTS POKER FROM COMPANION SET AND HANDS IT OVER) (FRIGHTENED) Why?

NYSSA:
There may be trouble. Wait here.

PHOEBE:
Not on your life! I don't want to be left here on my own.

NYSSA:
(FX: CROSSES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT) Come on then, if you must. But stay behind me.

PHOEBE:
(FOLLOWING) What if it's one of Father's animals? A lion or something? What if it's in the house?

NYSSA:

What if it’s something worse? (BEAT; GRIM) Come on.

(FX: THEY EXIT. CUT TO:)

19. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – WOODLAND

(FX: 2 x HORSES SLOWING TO CANTER)

DOCTOR:
There she is, Silver Crow. In the clearing ahead.

SILVER CROW:
I see no aeroplane, Doctor. Only some strange blue box.

DOCTOR:
Well, admittedly she's not a conventional flying machine. She's rather more… compact.

SILVER CROW:
But how-?

DOCTOR:
I think you should prepare yourself for something of a shock. (CLICKS TONGUE, TO HORSE) Trot on.

(FX: THEY TROT ON. CUT TO:)

20. INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO HALLWAY

(FX: FOOTSTEPS CREEPING ON TILED FLOOR)

(VOICES SOTTO THROUGHOUT)

NYSSA:
Which way to the kitchen, Phoebe?

PHOEBE:
Turn right at the end of this corridor. Then follow the next corridor round to the entrance [hall] —

(FX: VERY FAINTLY WE HEAR SKITTERING DOG CLAWS, OFF)

NYSSA:
Ssh! I think I heard something.

PHOEBE:
All I can hear is the sound of my own heart, pounding rather too loudly.

NYSSA:
Movement, I think. Somewhere ahead of us. Are the dogs secure in the kitchen?

PHOEBE:
Father does have a tendency to leave doors open. He likes open spaces. He always says he hates to feel enclosed in his own home.

NYSSA:
So it's possible that whatever… silenced the dogs could be roaming the house?

PHOEBE:
I suppose so. Should we go back?

NYSSA:
Do you want to go back?

PHOEBE:
Yes… and no. I'm frightened, but I can't bear to remain ignorant.

NYSSA:
Me neither. Let's carry on. But try not to make any noise.

(FX: THEY MOVE ON)

21. INT. TARDIS — CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING IN, TO CONSOLE) Come on in, Silver Crow. It's perfectly safe. (STOPPING) Actually, now I think of it, you'd better bring the horses in too. I'd hate them to end up as a tiger's breakfast.

SILVER CROW:
(STEPPING IN FROM OUTSIDE) The horses? Why are you making fun of [me —] (STOPS ABRUPTLY. STUNNED SILENCE)

DOCTOR:
You'll be catching flies in that mouth of yours if you don't close it.

SILVER CROW:
(AWESTRUCK) Nathaniel has opened my eyes to many of Earth's wonders, Doctor, but nothing I have seen is the equal of this. You are surely a man of magic!

DOCTOR:
No such thing. Now I really do think we should bring those horses inside, before they get eaten — hm?

CUT TO:

22. INT. HALLWAY

(FX: FOOTSTEPS CREEPING ON TILED FLOOR — MORE SLOWLY AND STEALTHILY THAN BEFORE. AFTER THREE OR FOUR STEPS WE AGAIN HEAR THE TAPPING OF DOG CLAWS — STILL OFF, BUT CLOSER)

PHOEBE:
(GASPS, STOPS) Did you-?

(FX: TAPPING STOPS)

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) Whatever it is, it's just round the next corner.

PHOEBE:
(SOTTO) What should we do?

(FX: TAPPING OF CLAWS RESUMES, GETTING CLOSER)

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) Retreat. But don't turn your back.

(FX: THE GIRLS SHUFFLE RAPIDLY BACKWARDS. OVER THIS WE HEAR THE RHYTHMIC TAPPING OF CLAWS GETTING CLOSER… AS THE DOG, PORTIA, APPEARS AND BARKS CURTLY)

PHOEBE:
(STOPS, RELIEVED) Oh! It's only Portia!

NYSSA:
Thank goodness.

PHOEBE:
(RAISING HER VOICE) Here, Portia. It's only me.

(FX: THE DOG BEGINS TO GROWL, LOW AND BLOOD-CURDLING)

PHOEBE:
(SURPRISED) Portia, whatever's the matter? It's me. You recognise me, don't you?

NYSSA:
(WARNINGLY) Keep back, Phoebe. Don't get any closer.

PHOEBE:
Why not?

NYSSA:
Something's wrong.

PHOEBE:
She's frightened, that's all. What's the matter, girl? What's [happened?]

(FX: DOG GROWL MUTATES INTO CRACKLING FIZZ OF THE ALIEN)

NYSSA:
Get back, Phoebe!

PHOEBE:
What's happening to her fur? It's rippling, standing on end-!

NYSSA:
It's the alien! It's inside her!

PHOEBE:
What?

NYSSA:
It's been using her as a host, but I think it prefers the look of us. Run!

(FX: THEY RUN, PURSUED BY RISING FIZZ OF ALIEN)

23. INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: UNEASY CLOPPING AND SNORTING OF THE HORSES. INTERNAL DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) All done. How are the horses?

SILVER CROW:
They are a little restless, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
I wonder if it's the colour scheme? Bit too much white, perhaps?

SILVER CROW:
Did you learn anything more about the moonflesh-creature in your laboratory?

DOCTOR:
A little – though not much more than I hadn't already guessed. In their active state, the crystals break down into a loosely conjoined lattice of electrical [impulses] –

SILVER CROW:
These words of yours mean nothing to me.

DOCTOR:
No, I don't suppose they do. Look – think of it like intelligent lightning. A creature composed of pure energy, which has the ability to invade and influence both living and inanimate matter. People, animals, even rocks and plants. If it put its mind to it, our alien friend could possess a tree and use the roots like tentacles, to drag itself along. Or it could create a body for itself out of rock, or even metal.

SILVER CROW:
My people believe that spirits dwell in all things, Doctor. Perhaps this moonflesh-creature is merely Takuskanskan come among us.

DOCTOR:
Another of your Gods?

/cont

SILVER CROW:
Takuskanskan gives life to all things and makes them move. My people tell a story of a rabbit which came across a clot of blood upon the ground and began to kick it, filling the clot with the spirit of motion. The clot grew hands and eyes, and arms, and a beating heart, and soon it formed itself into a boy. Then Iktome, the trickster, encouraged the tribe to tie up the boy and cut him into pieces and put him into a soup pot. But a storm rose, and a great cloud hid the face of the sun, turning everything into black night, and when the storm passed the pieces of the blood-clot boy were gone.

DOCTOR:
Fascinating. You know, it wouldn't surprise me if your people had encountered these visitors before, Silver Crow – or perhaps even this same one. How did they deal with it, I wonder?

SILVER CROW:
Perhaps we too should cut the moonflesh-creature into pieces and put him into a soup pot.

DOCTOR:
A little harsh, don't you think? Besides, we'd have to catch him first.

SILVER CROW:
How do you capture lightning, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
In a bottle, perhaps? (SIGHS) Come on, we'd better get back to the others.

CUT TO:

24. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: PHOEBE AND NYSSA RUNNING IN FROM CORRIDOR, THE FIZZING JUST BEHIND THEM)

PHOEBE:
(TO STOP) It's right behind us!

NYSSA:
Out of the way, so I can shut the –

(FX: AS THE FIZZING, CRACKLING OF THE PURSUING ALIEN REACHES A CRESCENDO, THE DRAWING ROOM DOOR SLAMS SHUT WITH A CRASH. CRACKLING CONTINUES, MUFFLED BEHIND DOOR, THROUGH:)

PHOEBE:
What now?

NYSSA:
(HOLDING HERSELF AGAINST DOOR) I can't hold the door forever. We need something to use as a barricade!

PHOEBE:
Oh! (LOOKING ROUND) Er –

NYSSA:
(HOLDING DOOR) The long chair, there!

PHOEBE:
The chaise-longue?

NYSSA:
Whatever it's called. Quickly, drag it here!

PHOEBE:
(EFFORT) (FX: AS SHE DRAGS HEAVY CHAIR A FEW FEET TO DOOR – SCRAPING ON FLOOR) This is no way to treat a William the Fourth –

NYSSA:
(HELPING HER MANHANDLE IT INTO PLACE AGAINST THE DOOR) Never mind that. (STEPPING BACK, EXHALING) Well, it's better than nothing.

(FX: THE FIERCE FIZZING CRACKLE OF THE ALIEN SUDDENLY FADES AND DIES, LIKE A FIREWORK FIZZLING OUT)

(BEAT)

PHOEBE:
(HUSHED) Has it gone?

NYSSA:
I doubt it.

PHOEBE:
Then what's it doing?

NYSSA:
Taking stock, perhaps?

(FX: FIZZING CRACKLE OF THE ALIEN AGAIN – LOUDER, AS IT CREEPS FROM UNDER THE DOOR)

PHOEBE:
(HORRIFIED) Nyssa, look! The red mist! It's coming under the door!

NYSSA:
Oh no. (PULLING PHOEBE) Get back!

(FX: THE FIZZING CRACKLE OF THE ALIEN IS IN THE ROOM WITH THEM NOW. IT SOUNDS ANGRY. THE GIRLS HAVE TO SHOUT TO MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD)

PHOEBE:
(TERRIFIED) It's in here with us! What do we do?

NYSSA:
There's nothing we <u>can</u> do, Phoebe. We're trapped!

(FX: FIZZING CRACKLE OF THE ALIEN REACHES A CRESCENDO)

CUT TO:

26. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – OPEN LAND

(FX: FADE UP THUD OF 2 x HORSES ON DRY EARTH/GRASS AS THE DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW RETURN TO THE HOUSE AT A GALLOP)

DOCTOR:
(RIDING, BEHIND) Steady on, Silver Crow. I'm not the rider you are!

SILVER CROW:
(RIDING, AHEAD) You are doing well, Doctor. And it is not much further to the Manor!

(FX: SUDDENLY, A WHISTLING NOISE AND A THUMPING EXPLOSION AS A SMALL BUT DENSE METEORITE-LIKE OBJECT FALLS FROM THE SKY AND EMBEDS ITSELF INTO THE EARTH. HORSES REAR AND WHINNY IN PANIC)

DOCTOR:
(STAYING HORSE) Whoa there! Easy!

SILVER CROW:
(ALARMED) Did you see that, Doctor? Something fell from the sky!

DOCTOR:
Yes – a projectile of some kind. Perhaps a meteorite?

SILVER CROW:
It came down just beyond those trees –

(FX: NO SOONER HAS HE SPOKEN THAN, CLOSER STILL, WE HEAR THE WHISTLE-CRUMP OF ANOTHER FALLING OBJECT. MUD SPATTER. AGAIN THE HORSES WHINNY)

SILVER CROW:
(STRUGGLING TO KEEP CONTROL OF THE REINS) Steady, boy. (TO DOCTOR) That one was much closer.

DOCTOR:
I see it. It's made a crater. (CLICKING TONGUE) Come on.

(FX: THEY COAX THE HORSES A FEW FEET TOWARDS THE SECOND FALLEN OBJECT)

SILVER CROW:
(AS THEY APPROACH) I do not like this, Doctor. I sense – something bad.

(FX: FADE UP FAINT HISS OF ESCAPING STEAM)

DOCTOR:
(PEERING INTO CRATER) I can't see the bottom. Whatever it was came down, it's buried itself deep into the earth.

(FX: FAINT FIZZING CRACKLE OF THE ALIEN)

SILVER CROW:
There, Doctor, look! Rising from the darkness. Red mist!

DOCTOR:
Oh, no!

(FX: AT HIS WORDS WE HEAR ANOTHER WHISTLE-CRUMP OF A FALLING PROJECTILE… AND ANOTHER… AND ANOTHER… AND ANOTHER!)

SILVER CROW:
(LOUD, OVER NOISE) More of them! Coming down like rain!

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm afraid our problem has escalated.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(REPRISE:)

(FX: … WHISTLE-CRUMP OF A FALLING PROJECTILE… AND ANOTHER… AND ANOTHER… AND ANOTHER!)

SILVER CROW:
(LOUD, OVER NOISE) More of them! Coming down like rain!

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm afraid our problem has escalated.

27. INT. ENTRANCE HALL

(FX: MAIN DOORS BURST OPEN. NATHANIEL LEADS; HECTOR AND HANNAH CARRY INJURED EDWIN INTO THE HOUSE)

NATHANIEL:
That's it. Bring him inside. Soon get you comfortable, old boy.

(FX: HECTOR AND HANNAH ACCIDENTALLY BUMP EDWIN'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL)

EDWIN:
(CRIES OUT IN PAIN) Gah, me leg! Watch what you're doing, you idiot boy!

HECTOR:
Sorry, Father. It's rather a narrow entranceway.

HANNAH:
Where to, Mr Whitlock?

NATHANIEL:
The drawing room. Nice and warm in there. Get Phoebe to make you some hot beef tea, eh, Tremayne?

EDWIN:
Sooner have a brandy.

NATHANIEL:
Well, I'm sure we can rustle up both. (SHOUTING) Phoebe? Phoebe? (AFTER A PAUSE) Odd. Where's she got to?

HECTOR:
Perhaps she and Miss Nyssa are upstairs?

NATHANIEL:
No doubt embroiled in some girlish pursuit or other.

HANNAH:
(SARCASTICALLY) I expect they're combing one another's hair or admiring the lace edgings on the coverlets. Such empty-headed creatures women [are.]

(FX: DISTANT WHISTLE/CRUMP OF FALLING PROJECTILE)

HECTOR:
What on Earth…?

EDWIN:
Are you going to stand there like a ninny? I'm in pain, boy!

HECTOR:
Please, Father. I thought I heard something outside —

(FX: ANOTHER WHISTLE/CRUMP)

HECTOR:
There it is again!

CUT TO:

28. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – OPEN LAND

(FX: MORE FALLING PROJECTILES)

(NB: BOTH MEN RAISING VOICES OVER THE SOUND)

SILVER CROW:
Perhaps Wakan Tanka is angry, Doctor. It sends more of the moon's living flesh to punish us.

DOCTOR:
I rather think these visitors have travelled a little further than the moon, Silver Crow. Nonetheless, I fear you may be right.

SILVER CROW:
How so?

DOCTOR:
If the original creature was merely an advance guard, this could be an invasion force.

(FX: THE WHISTLE-CRUMP OF A FALLING PROJECTILE, CLOSE ENOUGH FOR THE MEN TO BE SHOWERED IN PATTERING MUD. THE HORSES WHINNY/SNORT/STAMP IN FRIGHT)

DOCTOR:
It's getting rather perilous out here. We should get back to the house.

SILVER CROW:
Ya! Yaa!

(FX: THEY GATHER HORSES AND GALLOP OFF. FADE TO:)

29. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP CRACKLING FIRE. DISTANT WHISTLE-CRUMP)

NATHANIEL:
Not so frequent now.

HECTOR:
Are we under attack? Mr Whitlock?

NATHANIEL:
Goodness only knows, boy.

HANNAH:
I do hope the Doctor is safe. And Silver Crow.

NATHANIEL:
Oh, Silver Crow knows how to take care of himself.

EDWIN:
(GROANS THEATRICALLY)

HECTOR:
How are you, Father?

EDWIN:
(IN PAIN) My leg… it hurts so much…

HANNAH:
I'm sure it does, Mr Tremayne. It is broken, after all. But I'm afraid you must grin and bear it for now. As soon as this bombardment [ceases] –

EDWIN:
(INTERRUPTING; STILL IN PAIN BUT ANGRY) Grin and bear it, be damned! I need a doctor, woman! Immediately!

NATHANIEL:
For goodness' sake, stop bleating, man! Can't you see that everyone's doing their bit?

EDWIN:
(OUTRAGED) No, sir! No, I cannot! All I see is that I'm being denied the medical assistance that I so desperately need.

HECTOR:
(PLACATORY) Father, please –

NATHANIEL:
Dear Lord. Ms Bartholomew – give the man another brandy. (ASIDE) And if that doesn't work, gag the blighter.

HANNAH:
(STIFLES LAUGHTER)

EDWIN:
I heard that, sir! How dare you, sir!

NATHANIEL:
(LOSING HIS TEMPER) But I do dare, sir! On my travels around the globe I have met pompous potentates, knavish kings and rotten regents aplenty. But never, sir, never have I met such a self-pitying, self-aggrandizing example of humanity as you!

HECTOR:
(PLACATORY) I say there, Mr Whitlock-

(FX: DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR THROUGH:)

EDWIN:
(FURIOUS) If I was not incapacitated, sir, I would thrash the shirt from your back, sir!

NATHANIEL:
(EQUALLY FURIOUS) I dearly wish that you were not incapacitated, sir, for I should like to see [you try!]

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) Is this a private argument or can anyone join in?

HANNAH:
(RELIEF) Doctor. You're back!

DOCTOR:
So it would seem. Do carry on, don't mind me.

NATHANIEL:
Silver Crow, man – where is he?

DOCTOR:
Bedding down the horses. They've had rather a trying time. (BEAT AS HE LOOKS AROUND) Where's Nyssa?

HECTOR:
Upstairs. We think.

DOCTOR:
Think-?

HANNAH:
As a matter of fact, we're not entirely [sure] –

NYSSA:
(CALLING FROM OFF, APPROACHING RAPIDLY ALONG THE CORRIDOR) Doctor! At last!

HECTOR:
Oh, but here comes Miss Nyssa now!

DOCTOR:
Ah, Nyssa. Thank goodness — (SUDDEN CONCERN AS HE TAKES IN HER APPEARANCE) Are you all right? You look a little flustered.

NYSSA:
I'm fine, Doctor. It's Phoebe I'm concerned about —

NATHANIEL:
(SNAPS) Why? What's happened to my daughter? Speak, girl!

NYSSA:
Phoebe's in rather a… delicate state. I think perhaps the Doctor should speak to her. Alone.

NATHANIEL:
Don't be ridiculous. If anyone's going to speak to her, it's me. —

NYSSA:
No. I think the Doctor would be better qualified.

HECTOR:
You're saying it's a medical matter?

NYSSA:
Er… yes. Phoebe's been rather… overcome.

NATHANIEL:
In all the excitement, you mean? Well, why didn't you say so, child? Nerves, I expect. Her mother was a martyr to the vapours.

NYSSA:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I'll come at once.

HECTOR:
Please give Miss Phoebe my regards. Tell her that I hope she feels better soon.

DOCTOR:
I will.

EDWIN:
Just a moment! I've broken a leg, sir. I think that makes me a little more deserving of medical attention than a girl with an attack of hysterics.

DOCTOR:
Well, rest assured, I'll be back soon, Mr Tremayne. In the meantime, keep yourself warm and drink plenty of liquids. (SWEEPING OUT, NYSSA FOLLOWING) Come along, Nyssa!

(FX: DOOR CLOSES FIRMLY BEHIND)

EDWIN:
(OUTRAGED) Well, of all the…

HANNAH:
You heard what the Doctor said, Mr Tremayne. Plenty of liquids. In fact. I think we could all do with a nice cup of tea — Mr Whitlock?

NATHANIEL:
(SURPRISED) Who? Me?

HANNAH:
It is your house. And we have all paid for full board.

NATHANIEL:
Yes, but that's not to say —

HECTOR:
Tell you what, sir. I'll give you a hand.

NATHANIEL:
Oh, very well. But it's come to a pretty pass when a chap is required to act as housemaid in his own home.

HANNAH:
The world is changing, Mr Whitlock. It's the new way of things.

NATHANIEL:
In Bohemia, perhaps. Never in Suffolk. (FX: OPENS DOOR) Come on, boy. (EXITS, HECTOR FOLLOWING)

CUT TO:

30. INT. STAIRS TO UPSTAIRS LANDING

(FX: DOCTOR'S AND NYSSA'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STAIRS)

NYSSA
(CONTINUING A CONVERSATION) … The energy-creature enveloped Phoebe and then simply passed into her, through her skin.

DOCTOR:
But she hasn't been harmed?

NYSSA:
Not as far as I can tell. And if the alien is controlling her, then it's made no attempt to harm me either.

DOCTOR:
Well, that's an encouraging sign. (FX: FOOTSTEPS HALT AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE STAIRS) So what has it been doing?

NYSSA:
Nothing. Once Phoebe had absorbed the energy she simply stood there for several minutes, staring into space. I tried to speak to her, but she didn't respond. Then eventually she walked upstairs and went into her bedroom.

DOCTOR:
Acclimatising perhaps. Human brains are a bit more complex than gorillas'. This is the room?

NYSSA:
It is.

(FX: DOCTOR TURNS DOORKNOB AND PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN WITH A CREAK. CROSS DIRECTLY INTO:)

31. INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: GENTLE HISSING, CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERS ROOM CAUTIOUSLY) Hello there. I'm the Doctor. I think you already know my friend, Nyssa. (MOVING FORWARD) Do you mind if we come in?

NYSSA:
(FOLLOWING) We won't get too close, if you don't want us to.

DOCTOR:
I'll just sit here on the edge of the bed, if that's alright-? (FX: CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS) There, that's better. Now – what say we have a little chat, just the three of us? I know that you can use Phoebe's vocal cords - that's the name of the person you've possessed, by the way. Phoebe. Nice girl. Gentle, compassionate… Do you understand compassion? I'm sure you do. Intelligent being like you.

(BEAT.)

DOCTOR:
Must say, you're not really giving us much to go on here.

NYSSA:
Are you scared? Did you arrive here by accident, perhaps? If so, there's no need to worry. We can get you home if that's what you want.

DOCTOR:
Yes, absolutely. (A THOUGHT) Or maybe that's why your friends are here-?

NYSSA:
(TO DOCTOR) You mean there are more of them?

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so. (TO ALIEN) Is that? Have they come to collect you. Should we let them know you're [here?]

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
(FX: VOICE DEEPER, TREATED WITH A HISSING, CRACKLING EFFECT) No.

DOCTOR:
So you do speak! Splendid.

NYSSA:
Do you have a name? Something we can call you?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
I am Vatuus. (NB: 'VA-TOOS')

DOCTOR:
Delighted to meet you, Vatuus. So, these new arrivals – I take it that they're not your friends?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
They are… assassins.

DOCTOR:
I see.

NYSSA:
And you're their target, I presume?

CUT TO:

32. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: HANNAH THROWS COAL ON THE FIRE, WHICH SPARKS AND ROARS. SHE PRODS AT IT WITH A POKER)

HANNAH:
There we are. At least, if nothing else, you'll be nice and warm, Mr Tremayne.

EDWIN:
(SOURLY) It's not warmth I need. It's medical attention – and the sooner the better.

HANNAH:
(SIGHS) We've already been through all this, Mr Tremayne. As soon as it's safe [we'll]

EDWIN:
(URGENTLY) Listen to me, girl, and listen carefully. We don't have much time. What would you say if I were to contribute a generous sum of money to this society of yours, in return for you getting me out of here?

HANNAH:
(HALF-SHOCKED, HALF-AMUSED) Are you offering me a bribe, Mr Tremayne?

EDWIN:
Nothing so vulgar. Merely a fee for services rendered. Believe me, I'd pay a sizeable sum to avoid the risk of becoming a cripple for the remainder of my days.

HANNAH:
How sizeable?

EDWIN:
Say… a thousand pounds?

HANNAH:
(GASPS; THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY IN 1911) A thousand [pounds!]

EDWIN:
I daresay that would fund your activities for some considerable time?

HANNAH:
Well… yes. But what of the risks? The danger beyond these walls?

EDWIN:
Pah. Minimal.

HANNAH:
But the bombardment —

EDWIN:
… has stopped.

HANNAH:
And the moonflesh-creature? Not to mention Mr Whitlock's animals?

EDWIN:
(IMPATIENT) I'm not saying that there is no danger. I would not be so free and easy with my money if there were not certain… obstacles to overcome. But if you were to prepare the carriage, then I'm confident that we could make good our escape with the minimum of interference.

HANNAH:
Steal a carriage? Abandon our friends?

EDWIN:
Don't be obtuse, Ms Bartholomew. We would only be borrowing the carriage. It would be returned to Mr Whitlock once we have made use of it. And as for our 'friends'… your show of sentiment doesn't convince me, I'm afraid. These people are mere acquaintances.

HANNAH:
And what about your son?

EDWIN:
Hector can make his own decisions. (SNEER) No doubt he'll deem it noble to remain here to protect Miss Whitlock.

HANNAH:
He's clearly sweet on her.

EDWIN:
(SNORTS WITH CONTEMPT) Well? What do you say, Ms Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
One thousand pounds. It is a great deal of money.

EDWIN:
(PERSUASIVELY) And for such little effort, too.

(FX: APPROACHING CLATTER/RATTLE OF A TEA TROLLEY BEING WHEELED ALONG CORRIDOR OUTSIDE)

EDWIN:
The others are coming. Think on it, Ms Bartholomew. Think hard.

33. INT. LANDING

(FX: DOCTOR, NYSSA AND PHOEBE/VATUUS WALK DOWN A COUPLE OF STAIRS TO STOP. VATUUS CRACKLES SOFTLY)

DOCTOR:
I'll go first – ease the way, as it were. When I call you, Nyssa, you enter with, er, Vatuus.

NYSSA:
I have a feeling that Mr Whitlock may find the situation a little difficult to accept.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm sure he'll be fine – especially once I explain that Vatuus is just using Phoebe to communicate with us. Perhaps I should tell him that I've been possessed by dozens of aliens, and that it's never done me any harm?

NYSSA:
I really don't think that's a good idea.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps you're right. (FX: DESCENDING STAIRS, CALLING BACK) Remember, when I call-!

CUT TO:

34. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: NATHANIEL JABS FIRE WITH A POKER, WHICH SPITS AND FLARES)

NATHANIEL:
Father was in the Crimea, you know. Fought in the Battle of Inkerman. Three thousand British drove back over fifteen thousand Russians.

EDWIN:
(SIPPING TEA) Very interesting, I'm sure.

NATHANIEL:
Often wondered what it must have felt like to be under siege. This ain't on the same scale, of course, but still… an enemy that can't be felled by bullets. Bit of a cause for concern, what?

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

NATHANIEL:
Ah, Silver Crow. Horses all bedded down?

SILVER CROW:
Yes, Nathaniel. But I'm afraid they are far from calm.

EDWIN:
Expect they'll settle down now that racket outside has stopped. Care for a cup of Mr Whitlock's tea?

SILVER CROW:
There is no time for tea. Did the Doctor not stress the importance of sealing the house against invaders?

HECTOR:
I'm afraid he was a little preoccupied. As soon as he arrived he was whisked away by Miss Nyssa to attend to Miss Phoebe. She's not feeling well.

SILVER CROW:
Then we must act with haste.

NATHANIEL:
Must we? And why's that?

SILVER CROW:
Because more of the moonflesh creatures have arrived, Nathaniel. They have been falling from the sky. Did you not hear them?

NATHANIEL:
(SOFTLY, DIGESTING) Oh, those Russians…

HANNAH:
So that's what those explosions were!

SILVER CROW:
Yes. We must seal all possible points of entry before it is too late.

HECTOR:
Absolutely. Count me in.

HANNAH:
Yes, me too.

DOCTOR:
(ARRIVING FROM CORRIDOR) Excellent, all hands to the pump. Or is it the tiller?

NATHANIEL:
Doctor! My daughter – is she [well?]

DOCTOR:
All in due course, Mr Whitlock. Hector, Hannah, Silver Crow – don't let me detain you.

SILVER CROW:
(FX: EXITING) Come. We will go to gather materials to block up the fireplaces.

HECTOR:
(FX: FOLLOWING, WITH HANNAH) And check all the doors and windows, that sort of thing?

NATHANIEL:
Doctor. You have something to tell me?

DOCTOR:
(AWKWARD) Mr Whitlock. Nathaniel. Yes. The thing is, there's something I need to tell you. Something I need to prepare you for.

EDWIN:
What about my leg?

NATHANIEL:
Damn your leg! This is about Phoebe. (TO DOCTOR) Go on, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Look, I'm pretty sure she's fine. But… well, you remember the gorilla?

EDWIN:
(SOURLY) How could we forget?

DOCTOR:
Quite. Well, the fact is… our alien friend has done it again.

NATHANIEL:
Done what?

DOCTOR:
Occupied a physical form. Only this time it simply wants to communicate with us. So please don't be alarmed, and try not to over-react.

NATHANIEL:
(BELLOWING) Me? Over-react-? (SUDDENLY REALISING) You don't mean…?

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so. But as I say, Phoebe will be quite unharmed. Our visitor just wants to speak to us through her.

EDWIN:
Well, what does this creature want to say?

DOCTOR:
It's not a creature. Its name is Vatuus, and it's an intelligent being. (CALLING LOUDLY UPSTAIRS) Nyssa, Vatuus, you can come down now. —

CUT TO:

35. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: THE RIPPLE/CRACKLE OF PAPER AS HANNAH FIXES A SHEET ACROSS THE FIREPLACE)

HANNAH:
(STEPPING BACK) Right, that's the dining room fireplace done – though I can't help feeling that we're rather wasting our time. If those creatures do attempt to gain access via the chimneys, I can't see them being deterred by a barrier of brown paper and sealing wax, can you?

HECTOR:
Probably not – though that doesn't mean we shouldn't at least try. Is that the last of the fireplaces on the ground floor?

HANNAH:
I think so.

HECTOR:
Only three more floors to go, then. At the rate we're going it'll take us all day and most of the night to get round the whole house.

HANNAH:
(SLYLY) Why don't you make a start on the second floor and I'll see if I can rope in the Doctor and Nyssa? Phoebe, too, if she's up to it.

HECTOR:
I suppose.

HANNAH:
Off you go, chop-chop. (FX: TO SELF, AS HECTOR EXITS) Plenty to keep me busy down here.

CUT TO:

36. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: HISSING, CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN)

NATHANIEL:
You monster! What have you done to my daughter?

DOCTOR:
(CALMING) Nathaniel, please.

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
Do not be alarmed. Your daughter is quite safe.

NATHANIEL:
But why are you here? What do you want with us?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
I require… sanctuary. Protection.

EDWIN:
Protection against who?

NYSSA:
The others of its kind. The ones who've only just arrived — isn't that right, Vatuus?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
They are here to destroy me. They will destroy you too. They will stop at nothing to complete their mission.

DOCTOR:
Why?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
Once, I was a seed of the Prime Cluster. Heir to the Takkala Empire. But the Cluster was scattered from within, by —

EDWIN:
(FLIP) 'Bad seeds', I suppose?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
Yes. To save myself I broke from the Cluster, slipping between dimensions to evade absorption. When I reached this world, I fell into a dormant state, so that my enemies would be unable to follow my trail.

NATHANIEL:
I'm sorry. I'm not following a word of this.

NYSSA:
I am. You mean that when Hannah attacked you, it forced you to awaken early, enabling your enemies to home in on your trail?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
That is correct.

EDWIN:
Then it's all the fault of that idiot girl. Her actions have endangered us all.

DOCTOR:
Be that as it may, we won't get anywhere by apportioning blame. We need to find solutions, not scapegoats.

NATHANIEL:
So, 'Vatuus' – why can't you just scoot off back to where you came from?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
Flight would be futile. My enemies will not rest until they have hunted me down.

EDWIN:
Too bad. But it's not our problem.

NYSSA:
How can you be so callous?

EDWIN:
I'm not being callous, child, I'm being practical.

DOCTOR:
(RAISING HIS VOICE) Tell us more about these assassins, Vatuus? What are their weaknesses?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
They have none, Doctor. They are tireless, fearless. Creatures of instinct and savagery.

NATHANIEL:
Like wild animals, you mean? Then we must lay traps for them.

DOCTOR:
How? They're not flesh and blood. They're composed of energy. They can jump from host to host.

NYSSA:
If they're energy creatures, perhaps we could create some sort of battery to drain off their power?

DOCTOR:
With what? Potatoes? Iron nails? Copper wiring? This is 1911, Nyssa. Resources are limited. (THOUGHTFULLY) I wonder…

NYSSA:
I recognise that tone of voice. Do you have a plan, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Possibly. Although it may prove a little dicey.

NYSSA:
(SIGHS) Why does that not surprise me?

CUT TO:

37. INT. HALLWAY

(FX: TICK OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK. HANNAH IS STEALTHILY CROSSING THE TILED FLOOR TO THE FRONT DOOR WHEN THE CLOCK CHIMES THE QUARTER-HOUR)

HANNAH:
(INDIGNANT, BUT HUSHED) Idiot clock! Don't do that to me. Nearly gave me a [heart attack].

(FX: A DOOR ACROSS THE HALLWAY OPENS AND CLOSES)

SILVER CROW:
(ENTERING) Ms Bartholomew?

HANNAH:
(IMPROVISING) Oh, Silver Crow. There you are.

SILVER CROW:
Were you looking for me?

HANNAH:
Well… yes. Hector and I were bothered by how long it was taking to seal the fireplaces. We were hoping you might see if the Doctor, Nyssa and Phoebe could help?

SILVER CROW:
Certainly. I will ask.

HANNAH:
Thank you.

(BEAT)

SILVER CROW:
Was there anything else?

HANNAH:
No, no, I just… I was on my way to the kitchen to get more paper.

SILVER CROW:
Ah. Then I shall speak to the Doctor now. (FX: HE WALKS AWAY)

HANNAH:
(BIG SIGH OF RELIEF; TO HERSELF) Getting pretty good at the old fibbing bit, my girl. Though it's hardly something to be proud of.

CUT TO:

38. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: HISSING/CRACKLING. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
Silver Crow. What news?

SILVER CROW:
(ENTERING) The doors and windows are secure. Ms Bartholomew and Mr Tremayne are sealing the fireplaces. I came to see if Phoebe and Miss Nyssa might lend their assistance.

NYSSA:
I'm afraid we're both a little preoccupied at the moment.

DOCTOR:
Silver Crow, this is Vatuus.

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
'Silver Crow'. I know you, I think.

SILVER CROW:
(SURPRISED) The moonflesh creature is inside Miss Phoebe?

NYSSA:
Don't worry, she's fine.

NATHANIEL:
(COUGHS) Doctor. Your plan?

DOCTOR:
Yes. I have… a ship. A machine called the TARDIS, which… well, it travels in time and space-

EDWIN:
What?

SILVER CROW:
It is true. I have seen inside it.

DOCTOR:
Your trail would be undetectable inside the TARDIS, Vatuus. If we can make it there safely, I'd be able to take you somewhere where those assassins of yours would never find you.

NYSSA:
'If' being the operative word.

NATHANIEL:
Surely you're not proposing that my daughter accompany you through the woods, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Certainly not. Far too risky. No, Vatuus can hitch a lift in me.

NYSSA:
Doctor, you can't —

DOCTOR:
No arguing, Nyssa. Vatuus, are you ready to make the transference?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
I am, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Do it, then. And try not to tickle. (HOLDS BREATH AS:)

(FX: HISSING/CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN GETS LOUDER — BUT THEN COLLAPSES INTO ELECTRICAL ZAPS AND SPARKING, LIKE THE MEETING OF TWO OPPOSING ENERGY POLES)

NATHANIEL:
(SHOUTING) What's happening?

NYSSA:
(SHOUTING) Something's wrong. It's not working.

(FX: MORE SPARKING, SNAPPING SOUNDS AND THEN THE HISSING/ CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN SUBSIDES TO ITS PREVIOUS LEVEL)

DOCTOR:
(SIMULTANEOUSLY, EXHALES HEAVILY)

NATHANIEL:
The red mist is sinking back into Phoebe's body. What's going on?

NYSSA:
Doctor? Vatuus?

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
I could not penetrate the Doctor's mind. There were… barriers.

DOCTOR:
(GROGGILY) Natural Time Lord defences. Bit hard to switch off, I'm afraid. Sorry, Vatuus.

EDWIN:
So what happens now?

NYSSA:
I'll be the host.

NATANIEL:
You?

NYSSA:
I have some psychic capacity. I'm the obvious choice.

DOCTOR:
There's no need, Nyssa. Vatuus could accompany me in his natural form. I'm sure we'd manage perfectly well.

NYSSA:
But he wouldn't be able to communicate with you. What if he sensed his enemies close by? How would he let you know?

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Oh, all right. The rest of you, stay here and sit tight. We'll be back as soon as we can.

NYSSA:
I'm ready.

DOCTOR:
Deep breath, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
(HOLDS BREATH AS:)

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
I am making the transfer now.

(FX: HISSING/CRACKLING RISES AS IT EXITS PHOEBE – AND ENTERS NYSSA)

NYSSA:
(GASPS)

CUT TO:

39. INT. STABLES

(FX: UNEASY STAMPING AND SNORTING OF 6 x HORSES IN SEPARATE STALLS. DOOR CREAKS OPEN. APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS ON STRAW-STREWN FLAGSTONES)

HANNAH:
(SOOTHINGLY) Hey, girl. You, girl. Look at what I've got for you – a nice, juicy apple.

(FX: HORSE SNORTS, THEN MOVES CLOSER, ITS HOOVES CLOPPING ON STONE. IT TAKES THE APPLE FROM HANNAH'S HAND AND CRUNCHES IT)

HANNAH:
(SOOTHINGLY) That's it. (FX: SHE PATS THE HORSE'S NECK) Good girl. (FX: CLICK AS SHE LIFTS THE LATCH ON THE STALL DOOR, WHICH CREAKS OPEN) Come on, girl. I've got a little job for you.

CUT TO:

40. INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

PHOEBE:
(ON BED, WAKES WITH A START) Oh! Where —

NATHANIEL:
(COMING OVER) Phoebe. How are you feeling, my dear?

PHOEBE:
(CONFUSED) I remember — this presence, in my mind, and then —

NATHANIEL:
You swooned when the creature left you. So I carried you up here to your bed, like I did when you were small.

PHOEBE:
But Miss Nyssa, and the Doctor —

NATHANIEL:
… have gone for good, I hope. Silver Crow is taking them and this alien… person, back to this 'TARDIS' of theirs. Now: you've been a terrible ordeal. A little lie down will do you the world of good.

(FX: METALLIC CLUNK OF CARTRIDGES BEING LOADED INTO ELEPHANT GUN; BREECH CLICKING HEFTILY INTO PLACE)

PHOEBE:
You're not going to stand guard over me, with that? Bullets won't work on these creatures. They're not flesh and blood.

NATHANIEL:
Even so, I feel much happier with a gun in my hands. If this house were to be invaded I'm not the sort of chap who could simply stand by and allow it to happen.

PHOEBE:
(AFFECTIONATELY) Dear Father. You're so fearless.

NATHANIEL:
Don't know about that. I was terribly afraid when that thing was… inside you. Using your voice.

PHOEBE:
I wasn't scared, exactly. It was as though I were asleep, and yet awake at the same time. I knew what was going on, what was being said, but everything was at one remove, as though I was watching a dream unfolding before my eyes.

NATHANIEL:
(KISSES HER FOREHEAD) Sounds ghastly. But it's all over [now.]

(FX: AS HE SPEAKS WE HEAR A SCUTTLING, FROM CORRIDOR OUTSIDE – AS OF SMALL, WOODEN FEET)

PHOEBE:
Shhh.

(PAUSE)

NATHANIEL:
(WHISPERING) What is it?

PHOEBE:
(QUIETLY) I'm sure I heard something outside –

(FX: SCUTTLING IN CORRIDOR, GOING OFF)

PHOEBE:
Yes, there it is again. (HOPEFULLY) A rat, perhaps?

NATHANIEL:
(RISING) If we do have an intruder I'll soon flush him out. You wait here, my dear. (AS HE EXITS:)

PHOEBE:
Father, no!

41. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: CRACKLING FIRE. DOOR OPENS)

HANNAH:
All alone, Mr Tremayne?

EDWIN:
Yes, the Whitlocks and my son are upstairs, and Silver Crow has accompanied the Doctor and his friend Nyssa into the woods.

HANNAH:
The woods? Whatever for?

EDWIN:
(CYNICALLY) Apparently the Doctor has a machine that travels in time and space, and believes that the moonflesh creature can use it to make its escape.

HANNAH:
(ASTONISHED) The Doctor has a what? But… but this is wonderful!

EDWIN:
I'm glad that you think so. You do realise that the grounds are crawling with these creatures now? And that we're all in the most appalling danger, thanks to you?

HANNAH:
Even so, Mr Tremayne… creatures from beyond the stars, a machine that travels in time and space. It's all terribly thrilling. It vindicates the beliefs I've clung to all my life.

EDWIN:
The only thing I'm interested in clinging to is life itself. Have you had any further thoughts about my offer?

HANNAH:
Yes. (HESITATES) The carriage is ready.

EDWIN:
You mean, you accept?

HANNAH:
For a thousand pounds I'll take you away from here. But I aim to return as soon as I've fulfilled my side of the bargain.

EDWIN:
What you decide to do once you've delivered me to a hospital doesn't concern me in the slightest. When can we leave?

HANNAH:
I suppose we may not get a better opportunity than now.

EDWIN:
Help me up, then. (FX: AS SHE MOVES TO HELP HIM RISE FROM THE CHAISE-LONGUE) You'll have to support me on my left side. Come on, woman! Quickly!

HANNAH/EDWIN:
(EFFORT/EFFORT AND PAIN)

CUT TO:

42. INT. UPPER LANDING

(FX: PHOEBE CLOSES BEDROOM DOOR, OFF, THEN TAKES A FEW STEPS ONTO LANDING)

PHOEBE:
Father? Father…? Where are y- (SEES SOMETHING SURPRISING!) Oh! But that's —

NATHANIEL:
(APPROACHING SWIFTLY DOWN STAIRWAY) Phoebe, my dear, I told you to rest!

PHOEBE:
How can I rest? Father, look!

NATHANIEL:
(BEMUSED) Look where?

PHOEBE:
Above the stairwell! Tunka, Ptesan Wi, Iktomi the spider — they've all gone!

NATHANIEL:
Silver Crow's statuettes, eh? (DOUBTFUL) Perhaps he's taken 'em down to dust…

PHOEBE:
Don't you remember, what the Doctor said? That the energy-creatures can animate both organic and inorganic material alike?

NATHANIEL:
(SCOFFS) What're you saying? That Crow's wooden men have come to life?

(FX: FROM BEHIND THE DOOR OF THE NEXT ROOM, ALONG THE CORRIDOR, THE SOUND OF SCUTTLING)

PHOEBE:
(FRIGHTENED GASP) That came from Silver Crow's room!

NATHANIEL:
Funny. Sounded like something — scuttling…

PHOEBE:
Scuttling, yes. Like Iktomi, the spider-god!

43. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR — OPEN LAND

(FX: GALLOPING OF 2 x HORSES ON SOFT GROUND)

SILVER CROW:
(AHEAD, CALLING BACK) Into the trees! It is not much further now!

DOCTOR:
(TO NYSSA, ON SAME HORSE) Hear that, Vatuus? Nearly there! How are you enjoying the ride?

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(FX: DEEP, AS PHOEBE'S POSSESSION) I am finding it… exhilarating, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Well, corporeal life isn't without its pleasures.

(FX: THEY RIDE ON. CUT TO:)

44. INT. UPPER LANDING/CROW'S ROOM

(FX: SHOTGUN COCKED)

NATHANIEL:
(SOTTO) Don't worry, Phoebe, my dear. Even if those blighters have occupied Silver Crow's figures, I doubt they'll withstand a blast or two from this little beauty.

PHOEBE:
(SOTTO) But bullets won't harm them, Father!

NATHANIEL:
(SOTTO) Maybe not, but I can rattle 'em enough to make 'em beat a hasty retreat. Both times I fired on that Vatuus fellow he was off like a frightened fox. Now, let's see if we can't catch these chaps unawares —

(FX: TURNS DOORKNOB SLOWLY, BUT IT RATTLES)

NATHANIEL:
(SOTTO) Doorknob could use a drop of oil, what?

PHOEBE:
(SOTTO) Shh.

(FX: NATHANIEL PUSHES DOOR OPEN. A MOMENT OF SILENCE)

PHOEBE:
(SOTTO) Can you see anything?

NATHANIEL:
(SOTTO) Curtains are closed. Wait here. I'll scoot across and open 'em.

PHOEBE:
(SOTTO) Don't, Father. It's a trap, I'm sure of it.

NATHANIEL:
(SOTTO) If it is, at least it'll draw the blighters out.

(FX: HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS INTO THE ROOM. FROM THE CORNER, SCUTTLING MOVEMENT)

PHOEBE:
There! Under the bed! Iktomi!

NATHANIEL:
(LEVELLING GUN) Right, you beggar —

PHOEBE:
Father, no! Behind you! Shadows behind you!

NATHANIEL:
What-?

PHOEBE:
Tunka, Ptesan-Wi! No-!!!

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, WITH A SERIES OF HIDEOUS, HIGH-PITCHED CRIES, 3 x WOODEN FIGURES/ENERGY-CREATURES ATTACK! CROSS TO:)

45. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: DISTANT CRIES CONTINUE FROM FLOOR ABOVE – THEN 2 x SHOTGUN BLASTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION)

HANNAH:
(STOPPING, SAGGING UNDER EDWIN'S WEIGHT) My God! What's happening up there?

EDWIN:
(GASPING OUT THE WORDS) I assume Vatuus's assassins have breached the defences.

HANNAH:
We must help them.

EDWIN:
Don't be ridiculous. They're beyond help. We have to save ourselves.

HANNAH:
But your son-

EDWIN:
(VEHEMENTLY) Don't argue, woman! We need to get out of here! Come on! Quickly!

(FX: THEY STAGGER OUT. CUT TO:)

46. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPENING. 2 x HORSES SNORT, STAMP OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR:
(USHERING POSSESSED NYSSA IN) Here we are, Vatuus.

SILVER CROW:
(JUST OUTSIDE) Doctor, should I bring the horses again?

DOCTOR:
(CALLING BACK) That won't be necessary, Silver Crow. (MORE TO VATUUS) I can be back within moments of dropping Vatuus off, I hope.

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(LOOKING AROUND) This TARDIS of yours. It travels that fast?

DOCTOR:
(CROSSING TO CONSOLE) Faster than the speed of thought.

(FX: CLOSES DOORS)

NYSSA/ALIEN:
'Thought'? This vessel is sentient?

DOCTOR:
She has telepathic circuits, yes –

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(EXCITED) Then it has a mind of its own!

DOCTOR:
Frequently. (FX: SETTING BUTTONS) So – where to? Can't say I much like acting as a chauffeur, but under the [circumstances…]

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(INTERRUPTING) Where are these 'telepathic circuits'?

DOCTOR:
Oh! They're, er, right under the central column –

NYSSA/ALIEN:
Then that is all I need to know!

DOCTOR:
Vatuus. Surely you can't be thinking of – well, possessing the TARDIS?

NYSSA/ALIEN:
Wherever you take me, my pursuers will follow. But with this TARDIS of yours, I might evade them for all eternity! (REACHING FORWARD, OVER CONSOLE) All I have to do is reach out into this circuit, and –

DOCTOR:
(STAYING HER HAND) No, Vatuus!

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(PUSHING HIM OFF, VERY STRONG) Unhand me, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(REELING) Oof! Please, Vatuus, you mustn't touch that circuit!

NYSSA/ALIEN:
Why?

DOCTOR:
Well, because you're still in Nyssa's body. The power running through the central column will electrocute her!

NYSSA/ALIEN:
So? I can always find some other corporeal entity to possess, once I can travel anywhere in all of time and space.

DOCTOR:
Vatuus, no-!

NYSSA/ALIEN:
(REACHING OUT) All I have to is – connect.

(FX: SPARK OF ENERGY. ELECTRICAL BANG! NYSSA'S BODY THUMPS TO FLOOR. DOCTOR RUSHES OVER)

DOCTOR:
(SHAKING HER) Nyssa? Nyssa? Are you alright-?

NYSSA:
(SUDDEN INTAKE OF BREATH) Oh! Doctor! Doctor, it was horrible. That thing inside my mind – so much avarice, so much anger…

DOCTOR:
Yes, your latent telepathy will have picked up emotions hidden from a mere human mind. But it's alright, it's gone now. Here, let me help you up.

NYSSA:
(HELPED UP) Thank you. So you did as it asked? Took it to another world?

DOCTOR:
No, of course not. (CROSSING TO CONSOLE) I had my suspicions, so I tempted friend Vatuus with the TARDIS' telepathic circuits. That was when he showed his true colours.

NYSSA:
So where is he now?

DOCTOR:
Earthed into a harmless conduit. (FX: OPENS TARDIS DOORS) The TARDIS ought to be able to hold him there, for a while at least.

SILVER CROW:
(ENTERING FROM OUTSIDE) Doctor? Why have you not left?

DOCTOR:
Change of plan, Silver Crow. (FX: SPARKING, CRACKLING FROM CONSOLE BEGINS UNDER:) Turned out that Vatuus wasn't all he pretended to be —

NYSSA:
Doctor, the console!

(FX: HISSING, CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN RISES FROM CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:
Oh no. (TO ENERGY BALL) Vatuus, this is futile. You can't possess the TARDIS, you can't possess me, and Nyssa senses exactly what you're up to —

NYSSA:
It isn't us he's going for!

(FX: CRACKLING SURROUNDS SILVER CROW)

SILVER CROW:
(SHOUTING OVER THIS) No! You shall not have my mind, moon-spirit! I shall fight you!

(FX: AS WHEN THE CREATURE TRIED TO POSSESS THE DOCTOR, SPARKING LIKE IT'S BEING REPELLED)

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTING OVER THIS) That's right, Silver Crow! Don't let it in!

SILVER CROW:
(SAGS, EXHALING)

(FX: HISSING/CRACKLING HEADS OUT OF THE TARDIS)

NYSSA:
Doctor! It's heading out of the doors!

(FX: CRACKLING. ONE OF THE HORSES BEGINS TO SNORT AND STAMP AND WHINNY IN AGITATION)

SILVER CROW:
(RUSHING TO DOORS) It is taking one of the horses!

DOCTOR:
(JUST BEHIND) Oh no.

(FX: HISSING/CRACKLING/WHINNYING BECOMES MORE FRENZIED. SUDDENLY THE BRIDLE TETHERING HORSE SNAPS… AND IT GALLOPS AWAY)

SILVER CROW:
The beast is free!

NYSSA:
Doctor, what do we do now?

47. INT. CORRIDOR/DRAWING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP SOUND OF TARDIS MATERIALISATION. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
Right outside the drawing room. Not bad at all.

SILVER CROW:
(FOLLOWING) But why are we back here, when the moon-spirits are loose?

NYSSA:
(FOLLOWING) We can keep everyone safe inside the TARDIS — can't we, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(FX: PULLS TARDIS DOOR CLOSED) Yes, I should be able to rig up a field to repel these creatures, at least until we're able to sort this situation out.

NYSSA:
(HUSHED) It's very quiet.

DOCTOR:
It does seem a bit sepulchral.

SILVER CROW:
Let us try the drawing room first.

DOCTOR:
(REACHING FOR DOORKNOB…) It seems as good a place as any.

(FX: TURNS DOORKNOB; FOLLOW HIM TWO STEPS INTO DRAWING ROOM. CRACKLING FIRE. HISSING OF 3 x ALIENS. CLICK OF 3 x RIFLES BEING PRIMED)

(NB: ALL VOICES DEEPER/TREATED AS BEFORE)

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
It is the alien Doctor!

HECTOR/ALIEN:
At last!

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
We have been waiting for you!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(REPRISE:)

NYSSA:
(HUSHED) It's very quiet.

DOCTOR:
It does seem a bit sepulchral.

SILVER CROW:
Let us try the drawing room first.

DOCTOR:
(REACHING FOR DOORKNOB…) It seems as good a place as any.

(FX: TURNS DOORKNOB; FOLLOW HIM TWO STEPS INTO DRAWING ROOM. CRACKLING FIRE. HISSING OF 3 x ALIENS. CLICK OF 3 x RIFLES BEING PRIMED)

(NB: ALL VOICES DEEPER/TREATED AS BEFORE)

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
It is the alien Doctor!

HECTOR/ALIEN:
At last!

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
We have been waiting for you!

48. INT. DRAWING ROOM [CONTINUED]

PHOEBE/ALIEN:
We mean you no harm, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
I think I speak for all of us when I say that we'd find that a little more reassuring if we didn't have several guns pointing at our heads.

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
The guns are merely a precaution, to discourage your party from reacting adversely to our presence.

NYSSA:
Well, consider us discouraged.

DOCTOR:
(TO ALIENS) Please-?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
Lower arms, my brothers.

(PAUSE AS THEY DO SO)

DOCTOR:
Thank you. That's much better.

NYSSA:
(MUTTERING) Didn't Vatuus say that his pursuers were creatures of instinct and savagery, who would kill without compunction?

DOCTOR:
He did. (RAISING HIS VOICE) But these people seem entirely civilised, don't you think?

SILVER CROW:
Other than they are using our friends as their puppets.

HECTOR/ALIEN:
We inhabit these natives merely to subdue their violent urges – and in order to communicate with you.

SILVER CROW:
Miss Phoebe has no violent urges. Nor does this Hector.

DOCTOR:
Besides, you only need one mouthpiece. So why not release them, apart from Nathaniel? As a show of good faith.

(FX: THE ALIENS CRACKLE AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT, THEN:)

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
We accede.

(FX: FADE UP HISSING/CRACKLING OF THE ENERGY-CREATURES AS THEY RISE FROM THE BODIES OF PHOEBE AND HECTOR)

SILVER CROW:
(DARTING FORWARD) Quick, catch them before they fall –

DOCTOR:
(DITTO) Good idea.

PHOEBE/HECTOR:
(GASP, REEL, COLLAPSE INTO ARMS OF DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW)

DOCTOR:
(CATCHING HER) It's alright, Phoebe, I've got you.

PHOEBE:
Doctor-?

HECTOR:
(GROGGY) I say, what a peculiar experience.

SILVER CROW:
You are safe now.

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
Now, Doctor: where is Vatuus? We know from the minds of our human hosts that he lied to you to procure your assistance.

DOCTOR:
Outside, somewhere. I'm afraid he slipped through our fingers, rather.

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
That is unfortunate.

NYSSA:
Who exactly is he?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
A rogue element, responsible for the cessation of numerous energy-links within the Cluster.

NYSSA:
A murderer, you mean?

HECTOR:
So who are you chaps? The police?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
We are… trackers. Our task is to follow Vatuus's trail and capture him, whereupon he will be temporarily re-absorbed and returned to the Prime Cluster.

NYSSA:
So if it hadn't been for Ms Bartholomew's interference, Vatuus might have escaped justice?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
I do not understand.

PHOEBE:
Of course! It was Hannah – I mean, Ms Bartholomew – who brought Vatuus back to life, by scraping the 'moonflesh' with her knife!

DOCTOR:
Thereby reactivating Vatuus' trail, exactly!

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
What we do not understand is how Vatuus hid himself from us for so long.

NYSSA:
You mean – it wasn't his choice to become moonflesh?

PHOEBE:
That isn't something your people can do?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
No.

DOCTOR:
Now that's interesting. It suggests that Vatuus was forced into a state of dormancy by an outside factor.

SILVER CROW:
What sort of factor?

DOCTOR:
A factor like you, Silver Crow.

SILVER CROW:
(SURPRISED) Me?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Or more specifically by your state of mind when you first encountered Vatuus. Didn't you say that you fell into a trance during the ghost dance, and woke with the moonflesh in your hand?

SILVER CROW:
That is how it was.

DOCTOR:
In which case, isn't it reasonable to assume that Vatuus fell to Earth – or was drawn here, even, by Silver Crow's detached state of consciousness – and attempted to possess him, to use him as a physical host?

HECTOR:
No, I'm quite lost.

NYSSA:
Ssh!

DOCTOR:
But Silver Crow's subconscious – his dreaming mind – was somehow able to better Vatuus, perhaps by feeding on his Cluster energy? As a result of which Vatuus was reduced to… well, to a harmless rock.

NYSSA:
Until Hannah came along, and, well, shocked him back to life?

(FX: CONFERRING CRACKLES AGAIN)

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
This is… feasible.

PHOEBE:
May I ask a question, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Certainly.

PHOEBE:
Where is Ms Bartholomew?

HECTOR:
Come to think of it, where's my father?

CUT TO:

49. EXT. GROUNDS OF WHITLOCK MANOR – ROAD

(FX: RATTLE OF HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE ON UNEVEN ROAD. A JOLT)

HANNAH:
(DRIVING, CALLING BACK) I apologise for the bumpy ride, Mr Tremayne!

(FX: EDWIN ROLLS DOWN WINDOW)

EDWIN:
(CALLING OUT) Just get a move on, [woman-!]

(FX: OFF, TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT, STOMPING INTO VIEW THROUGH:)

HANNAH:
Oh, my life!

EDWIN:
What is it?

HANNAH:
Elephant, on the road ahead! (TO HORSES; PULLING ON REINS) Whoa! Whoa there!

(FX: CARRIAGE SLOWS TO A HALT)

EDWIN:
Keep going, woman! Blasted thing'll soon move out of the way.

HANNAH:
It's an elephant, you stupid man! We'll just have to wait.

(FX: ELEPHANT SNORTS – IT'S ABOUT 50 FEET AWAY)

EDWIN:
What's it doing, just staring at us? (TO ELEPHANT) Go on, shoo! Shoo! (TO HANNAH) You'd think the damn thing had parked there deliberately!

HANNAH:
(REALISATION) To stop us leaving. Oh, no…

EDWIN:
What's that?

HANNAH:
One of the moonflesh creatures! It's inside the elephant! It must be!

(FX: SOFT CRACKLING FROM ELEPHANT)

EDWIN:
My God, it's hide's rippling, just like the gorilla. (URGENTLY) About face, woman! Get us away from here!

HANNAH:
(FX: TRYING TO MARSHAL HORSES) The path is too narrow. There's no room to turn!

(FX: ELEPHANT, STAMPS, BELLOWS…)

EDWIN:
Hurry, woman. It's about to [charge!]

(FX: ELEPHANT CHARGES. HORSES WHINNY AND STAMP IN TERROR…)

HANNAH:
Too late!

EDWIN:
(YELLS IN TERROR) Ms Bartholomew! Do something!

HANNAH:
I'm sorry, you're on your own. (JUMPS FROM CARRIAGE)

(FX: ANOTHER BELLOW FROM CHARGING ELEPHANT)

EDWIN:
But you can't! You can't just abandon me here!

HANNAH:
Like we abandoned the others? Like you abandoned your son?

(FX: SHE RUNS INTO WOODLAND)

EDWIN:
(FX: BANGING ON DOOR) What are you doing? Ms Bartholomew, come back! Don't leave me! You can't leave me! You [can't!!!]

(FX: ELEPHANT REACHES THE CARRIAGE AND TRAMPLES IT TO MATCHWOOD)

EDWIN:
(HIDEOUS, DRAWN-OUT, DYING SCREAM)

50. INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: 3 x ALIENS CRACKLING SOFTLY THROUGHOUT. DOOR OPENS)

SILVER CROW:
(ENTERING, SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) It is as we feared. The carriage is gone.

HECTOR:
(INDIGNANT) So Father and Ms Bartholomew have run out on us. I can't say I'm entirely surprised in Father's case.

NYSSA:
He seemed like a very selfish man.

PHOEBE:
Ms Bartholomew, though…

DOCTOR:
Oh, I expect she was paid handsomely for her help.

HECTOR:
(BITTERLY) Well, Father did always say that everyone had their price. I can only apologise to you all for his actions.

PHOEBE:
It is not you who has abandoned us, Hector.

SILVER CROW:
One cannot blame Mr Tremayne for wanting to leave, given the condition of his leg.

NYSSA:
I only hope that Vatuus doesn't catch up with them.

HECTOR:
Yes, this Vatuus fellow. Now you alien types have caught up with him, can't you just 'reabsorb' him or whatever it is you do, and leave us all in peace?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
It is not as simple as that.

DOCTOR:
No, I thought it might not be.

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
We here now are merely trackers. But if we cannot arrest Vatuus soon, a Cluster entire will descend on this world, to assist us.

NYSSA:
How many of you in a Cluster?

(FX: CONFERRING CRACKLES)

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
In your terms: one billion.

HECTOR:
A billion-?! I don't even know how many that is.

NYSSA:
A thousand million of these beings, capable of possessing every mind in this hemisphere.

DOCTOR:
(TO ALIENS) 'Soon', you said. How soon? When exactly will this Cluster arrive?

(FX: CONFERRING CRACKLES)

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
Dawn.

PHOEBE:
Dawn-?!?

NYSSA:
That gives us three hours to discover how to make Vatuus dormant again, before the rest of these aliens arrive.

DOCTOR:
Yes, and there's only one way we're going to find that out.

HECTOR:
Well, how?

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think that Silver Crow knows the answer to that.

SILVER CROW:
I believe I do, Doctor. You wish to recreate the ghost dance, do you not?

DOCTOR:
In the most exact possible detail, yes!

51. EXT. WOODLAND – CLEARING (BY FIRE)

(FX: FADE UP. CRACKLING CAMPFIRE. SILVER CROW DROPS A HANDFUL OF HERBS ON IT – SIZZLE OF FLAME)

DOCTOR:
(COUGHING ON SMOKE) Interesting odour.

SILVER CROW:
It is a blend of harmless herbs, a secret passed down through generation after generation of my people. Close your eyes, allow the smoke to fill your senses and empty your mind of thoughts. Only when we are free of worldly concerns can we join the ghost dance.

(FX: ANOTHER SIZZLE AS MORE HERBS ARE DROPPED INTO THE FLAMES. CROSS TO:)

52. EXT. WOODLAND – CLEARING (FURTHER AWAY) [CONTINUOUS]

HECTOR:
I still don't quite understand what this ghost dance is supposed to achieve.

NYSSA:
Silver Crow is attempting to re-enter the state of consciousness he was in when he first encountered Vatuus and reduced him to a crystalline form – only this time he's taking the Doctor with him.

HECTOR:
You make it sound as if they're setting out on a journey.

NYSSA:
They are, in a way. A journey of the mind.

(CROSS BACK TO:)

53. EXT. WOODLAND — CLEARING (BY FIRE) [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: FIRE. SILVER CROW BEGINS BEATING A SIMPLE RHYTHM ON A TOM-TOM DRUM WITH HIS HANDS. PACE BECOMING STEADILY FASTER AS HE CHANTS UNDER HIS BREATH THE FOLLOWING:)

SILVER CROW:
Come to me on the wings of dawn
Power of the flame, come to me/
Come to me, bring sparks of life.
Power of the ocean, come to me/
Come to me, swim through my dreams.
[Power of the darkness, come to me/
Come to me, oh Earthen flesh.
Power of the spiral, come to me/
Come to weave me in your web.
Power of the Spirits, come to me/
Come to me from your silent realms.]

(NB: REPEAT AS NECESSARY UNDER SUBSEQUENT SCENE, AS WE CROSS BACK TO:)

54. EXT. WOODLAND – CLEARING (FURTHER AWAY) [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: PHOEBE AND NATHANIEL WALKING UP)

PHOEBE:
Oh! – Have they started already?

NATHANIEL:
Without us?

NYSSA:
Phoebe, Mr Whitlock. Yes, I think it's beginning.

HECTOR:
That is you, isn't it, Mr Whitlock?

NATHANIEL:
Those creatures seemed to think I'd be needed. Well, me and me guns alike. Still not entirely sure I understand why. Even less sure why Phoebe and Nyssa are out here with us, rather being than locked safely in the house.

NYSSA:
We're here because once the Doctor and Silver Crow enter the ghost dance they'll be vulnerable to physical attack –

NATHANIEL:
What – from this Vatuus, you mean?

NYSSA:
Yes, and the animals in your woods.

NATHANIEL:
Suppose Silver Crow might as well be banging a dinner gong as those tom-tom drums of his.

PHOEBE:
It's all part of the ritual. The ghost dance has to take place in the open air – among the spirits, as it were.

NYSSA:
It's better if there are the four of us here to defend them, rather than just two – especially since Mr Whitlock is still recovering from his possession.

NATHANIEL:
Oh, I'm as right as rain now, my dear. It's an odd experience, rather like dreaming whilst awake – but not entirely unpleasant.

HECTOR:
Phoebe – you won't really be shooting that rifle, will you?

PHOEBE:
Oh, Hector. Father taught me to shoot when I was just a little girl.

NATHANIEL:
Yes, and she's got an eye for it, too.

HECTOR:
Oh, crumbs!

NYSSA:
Hush now, everyone. I think something's about to happen.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO CROW'S CHANTING, VERY FAST BY NOW, LOOPING OVER ITSELF, BUILDING TO A FRANTIC CRESCENDO — THEN CUT SUDDENLY TO SILENCE)

55. EXT. PLAINS OF MONTANA (DREAMSCAPE)

SILVER CROW:
(FX: REVERSE ECHO IN) Doctor! … Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(COMING TO, DAZZLED) Oh! Could you dim the lights a little?

SILVER CROW:
It is the sun, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
The sun? (SNAPS AWAKE) Where are we? No, don't tell me. Judging by those mountain ranges and this dry desert plain – not to mention the heat – I'd say… Montana?

SILVER CROW:
It is my home, Doctor – or my memory of it, at least.

DOCTOR:
Of course. The dreamscape.

(FX: SOFT SNORTS OF A NEARBY PAIR OF HORSES)

SILVER CROW:
(WALKING TO HORSES) See, our horses are here.

DOCTOR:
(FOLLOWING) But to take us where, I wonder?

(FX: DISTANT THUNDERING OF A PASSING HERD OF BUFFALO)

SILVER CROW:
Down in the valley, Doctor. Look!

DOCTOR:
A herd of white buffalo. What does it mean?

SILVER CROW:
They are sacred to my people. Their purpose is to act as guides through unknown territory. (FX: MOUNTING HORSE – EFFORT) Quickly, mount up.

DOCTOR:
(FX: MOUNTING HORSE – EFFORT) We have to follow them?

SILVER CROW:
They will take us to where we need to go.

DOCTOR:
And where's that?

SILVER CROW:
Our destination will remain a mystery until we reach it. (GEEING HORSE) Yaa!

(FX: AS HE GALLOPS OFF OVER HARD, DRY GROUND)

DOCTOR:
I had a feeling you might say that. (TO HORSE) Ya! Ya!

(FX: DOCTOR'S HORSE FOLLOWS)

56. EXT. WOODLAND — BY FIRE

HECTOR:
(HUSHED) They're just sat there, staring into space. Do you think we should-?

NYSSA:
No. It could be dangerous, to pull them out of the dance.

PHOEBE:
Who can tell what's going on inside their minds? All we can do is keep them safe [out here.]

(FX: OFF, TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT)

HECTOR:
Oh Lord. Elephant!

NATHANIEL:
No need for alarm. It's still some distance away.

57. EXT. PLAINS OF MONTANA (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: DISTANT RUMBLE OF BUFFALO. DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW FOLLOWING ON HORSEBACK)

SILVER CROW:
(RIDING) See there, Doctor – among the herd!

DOCTOR:
(RIDING) A single red buffalo. What does that mean?

SILVER CROW:
(RIDING) It's breaking away from the others. We must give chase! Yaa!

(FX: THEY GALLOP ON)

58. EXT. WOODLAND — BY FIRE

(FX: OFF, BUT CLOSER — ELEPHANT TRUMPETS AGAIN)

HECTOR:
(NERVOUSLY) Jumbo's getting closer.

NATHANIEL:
Don't worry, Hector, old chap. This elephant gun of mine can drop a rampant pachyderm at thirty paces.

CUT TO:

59. EXT. NARROW VALLEY BETWEEN ROCKY HILLS (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: 2 x HORSES RIDDEN TO HALT)

SILVER CROW:
Whoa there! Whoa!

(FX: HORSES HALT, STAMPING AND SNORTING UNEASILY THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
Why have we stopped? Silver Crow?

SILVER CROW:
It is no accident that the red buffalo has led us to this valley, with rocky hills on either side.

DOCTOR:
Do you think it's a trap?

SILVER CROW:
No. It is a test.

DOCTOR:
In which case, shouldn't we just dive in? I doubt we'll prevail without proving ourselves – well, fearless.

SILVER CROW:
True. But we have no weapons. If we are forced to fight for our lives, we will have nothing but our hands.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps we're supposed to use our ingenuity.

SILVER CROW:
Perhaps. But before putting that to the test, I will try asking for help.

DOCTOR:
Help?

SILVER CROW:
We are surrounded by spirits. I will appeal to the rock goddess, Huruing Wuhti. (RAISES VOICE, WHICH ECHOES BACK FROM THE HILLS) Huruing Wuhti, hear our plea. We come here seeking an evil presence. Goddess, if you would you have us fight that evil in your sacred name – help us, we beseech you!

(FX: ECHOES DIE AWAY)

DOCTOR:
Now what?

SILVER CROW:
Now we wait.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. WOODLAND – BY FIRE

HECTOR:
(CALLING ACROSS CLEARING) All seems quiet again now. Perhaps that elephant headed off in a different direction, after all.

PHOEBE:
(CALLING BACK) Don't relax for a moment, Hector.

HECTOR:
(CALLING BACK) Don't you worry, I don't intend to –

(FX: SUDDENLY, TRUMPETING ELEPHANT CHARGES INTO THE CLEARING…)

HECTOR:
(CALLING) Phoebe! Behind you!

PHOEBE:
Oh my –

(FX: ELEPHANT CHARGES INTO A TREE – WHICH CREAKS OMINOUSLY AS IT TAKES THE IMPACT…)

NYSSA:
(RUSHING OVER) It's charging the tree!

NATHANIEL:
(TO STOP) Hold your ground! Let me take a shot-!

(FX: ELEPHANT TRUMPETS AND CHARGES TREE AGAIN. FINAL TEARING OF WOOD AS IT FALLS… TOWARDS PHOEBE)

HECTOR:
(YELLS) The tree's falling!

NYSSA:
Phoebe, get back!!!

PHOEBE:
(SCREAMS AS TREE FALLS TOWARDS HER)

(FX: THUNDERING CRASH OF TREE)

CUT TO:

61. EXT. NARROW VALLEY BETWEEN ROCKY HILLS (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: FAINT BUT APPROACHING: SLOW, HEAVY FLAPPING OF WINGS)

DOCTOR:
Listen.

SILVER CROW:
I hear it, Doctor. (PAUSE) There, in the sky.

DOCTOR:
What is it? A bird of some kind?

SILVER CROW:
It is a servant of Huruing Wuhti, Doctor. Fashioned from clay by her own hand.

DOCTOR:
It seems to be carrying something. —

(FX: CLAY BIRD EMITS ETHEREAL CAW AS IT DROPS A PARCEL OF 2 x BOWS AND 2 x QUIVERS OF ARROWS WRAPPED IN ANIMAL HIDE, WHICH THUMPS ON TO ROCKS BESIDE THEM)

DOCTOR:
It's dropped it!

SILVER CROW:
It is a gift, from Huruing Wuhti! Come!

(FX: AS CLAY BIRD WHEELS AWAY, THEY SCRAMBLE A FEW FEET OVER ROCKS TO…)

DOCTOR:
What is it?

SILVER CROW:
(FX: UNWRAPPING PARCEL) There is nothing to fear, Doctor. Two bows and many arrows, all wrapped in a parcel of buffalo hide. (PASSING BOW & QUIVER) Here. Do know how to fire a bow?

DOCTOR:
(TAKING THEM) I was taught by Crazy Horse himself.

SILVER CROW:
(LAUGHS) Then you must be older than you look!

DOCTOR:
Oh, you'd be [surprised.]

(FX: SUDDEN ANGRY SNORTING OF A BUFFALO, 10 FEET AWAY — IT PAWS THE GROUND LIKE A BULL)

SILVER CROW:
Doctor! At the end of the valley.

DOCTOR:
Our old friend, the red buffalo. He doesn't look terribly happy. In fact, I think he's about to —

(FX: BUFFALO BELLOWS AND THUNDERS TOWARDS THEM)

DOCTOR:
… charge! Quick, run!

SILVER CROW:
(READYING BOW) No! We must stand our ground!

DOCTOR:
Are you mad? Silver Crow!

(FX: WHISTLE-THUNK OF AN ARROW. BUFFALO HIT, FALTERS, THEN CRASHES TO THE GROUND)

SILVER CROW:
The danger is over, Doctor. The red buffalo is dead.

DOCTOR:
That was an appallingly dangerous thing to do, standing directly in its path like that.

SILVER CROW:
The spirits are with me, Doctor. They guide my hand.

DOCTOR:
But wasn't the buffalo a kind of spirit too? Or an avatar of one, at least? What if its powers had been stronger than yours?

SILVER CROW:
Then I would be the one lying dead on the ground. But I am not afraid. Even in death, the spirits will not desert me.

DOCTOR:
In which case, I admire your faith as much as your aim. —

SILVER CROW:
Look, Doctor! The buffalo's corpse!

(FX: FIZZING/CRACKLING OF THE ENERGY-CREATURE FROM CORPSE)

DOCTOR:
Oh, no —

(FX: FIZZING SHIFTS SUBTLY TO BECOME A MASS OF HISSING SNAKES)

SILVER CROW:
It is filled with the spirit of Takuskanskan – the power of motion. It is this which causes the animal's body to split into pieces and wriggle like worms upon the ground.

(FX: SNAKES WRITHING TOWARDS THEM THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
Not worms, Silver Crow – snakes! Dozens of them!

SILVER CROW:
Huruing Wuhti, we cannot fight them all!

DOCTOR:
(TURNING, RUSHING TO ROCKY WALL) Come on, we have to climb the valley wall!

SILVER CROW:
(FOLLOWING) It is no use, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING, EFFORT) If we can make it to the top of the cliff, we'll be able to pick them off with the arrows!

SILVER CROW:
(CLIMBING, EFFORT) But this will only cut us off from our horses!

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING, EFFORT) It's our only chance. Climb!

CUT TO:

62. EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING

(FX: BELLOW OF ELEPHANT)

PHOEBE:
(PINNED UNDER BRANCHES) Help me, Father! I can't move!

NYSSA:
She's trapped beneath the branches of the tree!

HECTOR:
(RUNNING OVER) Hold on, Phoebe, I'm coming!

NATHANIEL:
(SHOUTING) Get away from her, you brute!

HECTOR:
(OFF) Well, someone's got to help her!

NATHANIEL:
Not you, you fool – that!

(FX: GUNSHOT. ELEPHANT BELLOWS IN RAGE)

NYSSA:
Nathaniel! All you'll do is madden it-!

NATHANIEL:
(RELOADING) Can't be madder than I already am, missy –

NYSSA:
We have to clear the area! Keep the Doctor [safe!]

(FX: CRASHING FROM UNDERGROWTH, APPROACHING – IT'S HANNAH)

HECTOR:
(OFF) Mr Whitlock, sir! Behind you! There's something coming at you from the trees!

NATHANIEL:
Not for much longer, sir!

HANNAH:
(RUSHING IN) Stop! Stop!!!

NYSSA:
Don't shoot! It's Ms Bartholomew!

NATHANIEL:
Eh-? I thought you'd done a bunk!

HANNAH:
(TO STOP, OUT OF BREATH) Later. The elephant. The elephant is —

NATHANIEL:
… on his way to the happy hunting grounds, I assure you!

HANNAH:
… is one of those creatures! It's been taken over!

NATHANIEL:
Eh-?

NYSSA:
It's Vatuus! It must be!

NATHANIEL:
Are you saying, me elephant's been possessed?

NYSSA:
By Vatuus, yes!

(FX: ENRAGED ELEPHANT BELLOW)

63. EXT. CLIFF FACE (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: SLITHERING/HISSING OF SNAKES PURSUING DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW UP CLIFF FACE)

SILVER CROW:
(CLIMBING – EFFORT) The snakes are climbing after us! How can that be?

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING – EFFORT) It's your unreality, Silver Crow – you tell me! Come on, we're nearly at the top!

SILVER CROW:
(CLIMBING – EFFORT) There are too many of them! We will soon be overwhelmed!

DOCTOR:
(SCRAMBLING TO TOP) Look up, Silver Crow! Our salvation may be at hand!

(FX: HEAVY, SLOW FLAPPING OF WINGS – A ENTIRE FLOCK OF CLAY BIRDS APPROACHING)

SILVER CROW:
(PULLING HIMSELF OVER CLIFF TOP) More clay birds!

DOCTOR:
Another gift from Huruing Wuhti? This goddess of yours must really like you, Silver Crow.

(FX: BIRDS HOVERING ABOVE)

SILVER CROW:
(TO BIRDS) Go, clay birds! Attack the snakes! (BEAT) Why do you not go?!

DOCTOR:
I don't think that's why they're here. Spread your arms.

SILVER CROW:
Eh?

(FX: BIRDS DESCENDING)

DOCTOR:
They're not attacking us. They're rescuing us. So spread your arms. (LIFTED BY MANY BIRDS) Let them lift you into the air.

(FX: BIRDS TAKE OFF, CARRYING DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW AWAY)

SILVER CROW:
But – we are flying, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Marvellous way to travel!

(FX: BEATING WINGS AWAY…)

64. EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING

(FX: ELEPHANT BELLOWS)

PHOEBE:
Hector! Hurry!

HECTOR:
(STRUGGLING TO LIFT A BRANCH) Just need to lift this branch free… How's that?

PHOEBE:
(EFFORT, SCRAMBLING) I can move!

HECTOR:
(HOLDING WEIGHT) It's awfully heavy, please be quick!

(FX: DROPS BRANCHES AND HURRIES AWAY WITH PHOEBE. CROSS TO OTHER SIDE OF CLEARING:)

HANNAH:
She's out! Hector's got her out!

NATHANIEL:
Right then, you ugly great beggar –

(FX: TWO SHOTS FROM GUN. 2 x ELEPHANT BELLOWS – HIT)

NATHANIEL:
Tim-berrr!

(FX: ELEPHANT CRASHES TO THE GROUND)

65. EXT. IN FLIGHT (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: SLOW, HEAVY FLAPPING OF MANY WINGS. OVER THIS…)

SILVER CROW:
Where do you think the servants of Huruing Wuhti are taking us, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I have no idea. Best just to relax and enjoy the [ride.]

(FX: OFF, BEHIND – A STRANGE BELLOWING SOUND, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A ROAR AND A BASSOON-LIKE NOTE)

DOCTOR:
What on Earth-?

SILVER CROW:
Doctor! Behind us!

(FX: ANOTHER BELLOW)

DOCTOR:
It's a head! It's a giant flying head!

SILVER CROW:
It is a demon, come to devour us!

DOCTOR:
Come to scatter the birds, I suspect!

SILVER CROW:
Doctor, what do we do-?!

(FX: HUGE BELLOW – AND THE FLOCK OF CLAY BIRDS SCATTER, CAWING… DROPPING BOTH THE DOCTOR AND SILVER CROW)

DOCTOR/SILVER CROW:
(FALLING) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-!!!!!

(FX: SCREAMS FADE. BEAT SILENCE. CONTINUES INTO:)

66. EXT. LAKE (DREAMSCAPE) [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: LARGE DOUBLE-SPLASHES AS FIRST SILVER CROW – SOME DISTANCE AWAY – THEN THE DOCTOR – CLOSE BY – HIT THE SURFACE OF A LAKE. DIP UNDERWATER FOR A SECOND, AS IF FROM THE DOCTOR'S POV)

DOCTOR:
(BREAKING SURFACE, GASPING) Fresh water. No current. A lake, then. (FX: TREADING WATER) Silver Crow? Silver Crow, where are you?

(FX: GENTLE LAPPING AND SLAP OF WATER. BEAT. THEN A SUDDEN SHIFTING/THRASHING OF WATER CLOSE BY, AS A TENTACLE BREAKS THE SURFACE)

DOCTOR:
Silver Crow! – (REALISATION) Ah. Tentacle. That's not good.

(FX: HUGE UPSURGE OF WATER AS THE REST OF A VAST OCTOPUS-LIKE CREATURE RISES FROM THE DEPTHS. WATER CASCADES FROM ITS BODY)

DOCTOR:
Tentacle… with a giant octopus attached. No, it's really not my day, is it?

(FX: OCTOPUS SCREECHES HORRIBLY)

67. EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING

HECTOR:
Phoebe? Are you unharmed?

PHOEBE:
Oh, Hector. You got me clear. You saved my life.

HECTOR:
(IN WONDER AT HIS OWN BRAVADO) Gosh. Yes, I suppose I did.

NYSSA:
(FX: COMING OVER) If you two have quite finished — I strongly advise you step back from the elephant!

HECTOR:
Oh, Lor'. Vatuus! I quite forgot.

NATHANIEL:
(FX: COMING OVER, FOLLOWED BY HANNAH) Yes, any minute now its hide will start rippling, and then — I will have him.

HANNAH:
(SIGHS) For the last time — bullets won't harm him, Whitlock.

NATHANIEL:
No, but shooting him will make me feel better. Besides, we have to protect Silver Crow and the Doctor. Still in their trance, are they?

NYSSA:
Vatuus can't possess either of them. He's tried and failed. He can only harm them through a host. (BEAT) Strange. Nothing's happening.

PHOEBE:
Well… where is he, then?

HECTOR:
I hate to be a terrible doom-monger, but, er… you don't supposed we missed him, do you?

NYSSA:
You mean — Vatuus had vacated the elephant before Nathaniel shot it?

HANNAH:
He's already found a host!

NATHANIEL:
Then the only question is: (FX: LOADING BREECH OF GUN, CLICKS TOGETHER) which one of you is it? Hm?

68. EXT. LAKE (DREAMSCAPE)

(FX: THRASHING AND SPLASHING OF WATER. OCTOPUS SHRIEKS)

DOCTOR:
(PAINED; HE'S BEING CRUSHED BY TENTACLE) Would you mind not squeezing me quite so tightly with that tentacle of yours? Feel like I'm on the verge of… blacking out…

(FX: WHIZZ-THUNK OF AN ARROW FROM OFF, STRIKING OCTOPUS — WHICH SCREECHES IN PAIN. THE DOCTOR RELEASED, SPLASHES BACK INTO THE RIVER)

SILVER CROW:
(FX: SAY 20 FEET BEHIND, ON SHORE) Hurry, Doctor! Swim away from the creature! It is Uncegila, the great water monster!

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) Silver Crow! You're alive!

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) I found a route underwater, back to the shore. Now — keep your head down!

(FX: WHISTLE-THUNK OF THREE ARROWS IN QUICK SUCCESSION. WITH EACH STRIKE THE CREATURE SCREECHES IN PAIN)

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) Aim for the eye, Silver Crow! The brain is behind the eye!

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) I have no more arrows, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) (MORE TO SELF; REALISATION) The eye! Of course! (FX: STARTS SWIMMING BACK TOWARDS THE CREATURE)

SILVER CROW:
Doctor, what are you doing? Swim to the shore! Flee Uncegila, while you have your chance!

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) I just realised! The red of its single eye — glittering! I've seen it before!

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) The moonflesh! Uncegila's eye, is the moonflesh!

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) (REACHES OUT) Yes, and if I just reach out and (EFFORT) … take it —

(FX: WEIRD, CRACKLING SOUND, NOT UNLIKE SOAP BUBBLES BURSTING OR PLASTIC SHRIVELLING IN FIRE. OVER THIS…)

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) But — Uncegila is shrinking!

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) Yes. Its body breaking down, compacting…

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) In the stories of my people, Uncegila is killed by twin brothers, who cut out her heart, only to discover that it is a living crystal.

DOCTOR:
(FX: TREADING WATER) (WITH A FLOURISH) And here it is!

SILVER CROW:
(OFF) The moonflesh!

69. EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING

NATHANIEL:
Which one of you is it, hm? Which one of you is Vatuus inside?

NYSSA:
Nathaniel, please. Put the gun down, before someone gets hurt.

NATHANIEL:
Before Vatuus gets hurt, you mean-!

HANNAH:
This is madness! Vatuus might be anywhere! He might not even be here!

NATHANIEL:
We've only your word for it, Ms Bartholomew, that he was inside the elephant in the first place. What if he was inside you all along?

HECTOR:
I say, that's a point.

PHOEBE:
Don't encourage him, Hector!

NYSSA:
I hate to say it, but… who knows what happened to Hannah on the road? To her and Mr Tremayne?

HECTOR:
Yes – where is my father? (BEAT; TO HANNAH) Well-?

HANNAH:
Hector, I'm sorry. I should never have agreed to his plan.

HECTOR:
Where is he-?!

NATHANIEL:
Tremayne is dead, it's plain enough.

HECTOR:
What-?

NATHANIEL:
Dead – and she murdered him! (MENACING) Still – I know how to deal with murderers…!

PHOEBE:
(CHARGING FORWARD) Father, you mustn't!

NATHANIEL:
(FX: STRIKING HER) Out of my way, child!

PHOEBE:
(FALLING TO FLOOR) Aoow-!!

HECTOR:
Phoebe-!

NYSSA:
Don't you see, this is what Vatuus wants? For us to tear each other apart, so he can prevent the Doctor and Silver Crow returning from the dreamscape-?

DOCTOR:
(RISING UP; JUST BEHIND) Well said, Nyssa! Fortunately – we've returned.

SILVER CROW:
(RISING UP, WIELDING STONE) Returned with our prize – see?

HANNAH:
The moonflesh!

DOCTOR:
Well, an avatar for the moonflesh. It's symbolic.

PHOEBE:
But what does it mean-?

DOCTOR:
It means, Vatuus would make this a lot easier if he chose to show himself.

(BEAT)

NYSSA:
I don't think he's going to.

SILVER CROW:
Fortunately, he is not hard to identify.

DOCTOR:
After all – it's not as if the real Nathaniel Whitlock would ever strike his daughter, is it?

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
(FX: HISSING, CRACKLING) You think you are so clever, Doctor! But I still have Whitlock's weapon! Ohh, I shall so enjoy destroying you–!

SILVER CROW:
Power of the darkness, come to me/
Come to me, oh Earthen flesh…

NATHANIEL/ALIEN:
(SUDDENLY GROANS, AS IF IN PAIN) What… what is happening?

SILVER CROW:
Power of the spiral, come to me/
Come to weave me in your web.

(FX: FADE UP HISSING, CRACKLING AS THE ENERGY-CREATURE FLOWS FROM NATHANIEL'S BODY. OVER THIS…)

NYSSA:
Vatuus is leaving Nathaniel's body!

HECTOR:
But he's heading straight for Silver Crow!

SILVER CROW:
Power of the Spirits, come to me/
Come to me from your silent realms.

PHOEBE:
Oh, Silver Crow, be careful!

DOCTOR:
It's quite all right. Just watch.

HANNAH:
He's being sucked back into the moonflesh!

(FX: FADE DOWN HISSING, CRACKLING OF THE ALIEN UNTIL THERE IS SILENCE)

SILVER CROW:
It is done, Doctor.

PHOEBE:
What happened?

DOCTOR:
By re-enacting the ghost dance, Silver Crow was able to return to the state of consciousness that caused Vatuus to become subdued in the first place. By reclaiming the moonflesh from the dream, his mind became a trap for Vatuus – not only in the dreamscape, but here in the physical realm, too.

HANNAH:
But Vatuus <u>was</u> the moonflesh, wasn't he?

DOCTOR:
And so he is again. Nothing but a lump of crystalline rock. I'll take that, Silver Crow – if you don't mind?

SILVER CROW:
What will you do with it?

NYSSA:
Return it to this Prime Cluster, I suppose?

DOCTOR:
Exactly, Nyssa. (POCKETS STONE) Back to the TARDIS we go.

HECTOR:
You're leaving, already?

NATHANIEL:
(GROANS, RECOVERING)

DOCTOR:
I don't think we're needed here. And Nathaniel seems to be recovering, so –

NATHANIEL:
Nothing wrong with me, sir! Never has been, never will be.

NYSSA:
Goodbye, Hector. I'm so sorry about your father. I hope you'll be all right.

PHOEBE:
He will be, Nyssa. We'll make sure of that. Won't we, Father?

NATHANIEL:
Absolutely. Fine young feller. Be a pleasure to have him around.

PHOEBE:
It looks like you're staying here, Hector. If you want to, of course.

HECTOR:
Good. You see, I have a certain… proposal to make.

PHOEBE:
(THRILLED) You do-?

HECTOR:
To Mr Whitlock.

NATHANIEL:
Oh, yes-?

HECTOR:
The thing is, sir, about this estate of yours: wouldn't it be more economical, not to mention humane, if, rather than having people come here to hunt your animals, you invited them merely to view them-? In secure enclosures, obviously.

NATHANIEL:
Do you propose turning my home into some sort of zoo, young man?

HECTOR:
Not at all. I imagine people in carriages, touring the grounds.

PHOEBE:
Like a sort of private safari?

DOCTOR:
You might even call it a 'wildlife park'?

HECTOR:
Oh! — that's a thought.

NATHANIEL:
Suppose it might catch on. Come on, let's get back to the house. Talk about it over a brandy.

(FX: ALL WALKING THROUGH:)

NYSSA:
What about Hannah? Ms Bartholomew, I mean.

DOCTOR:
Yes, where's she got to-?

NYSSA:
Slipped away, I think. But it seems to me that the secret knowledge she so craves might be better earned than taken. And that the person best placed to teach her that is Silver Crow?

SILVER CROW:
Perhaps she is someone who needs leading on the proper path.

DOCTOR:
Well — I think that's up to Silver Crow, don't you?

SILVER CROW:
It has been an honour to meet you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
You too. If you ever want to pop back to see the family, just let me know. I can get you there yesterday.

HECTOR:
So where's your next port of call, Doctor? After the Prime Cluster, I mean?

DOCTOR:
Difficult to say. Nyssa and I like to keep our options open.

NATHANIEL:
Romance of the open road. Nothing like it, eh?

DOCTOR:
Exactly, Nathaniel. Exactly!

THE END